JULY, 1925 VOLUME LXI, NO. 5

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

ST. THOMAS CHATTERTON

THE religion of literature has always had its patron saints. Flaubert is one of these; and Chatterton is another — the patron saint of the distressed and miserable and hopeless, of those who write without recognition, without reward, without even the bare means of livelihood. The story of Francis Thompson, to whom Chatterton appeared at a crucial moment, is worth retelling in this connection. It is quoted from the conversation of the elder Meynell by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the second volume of "My Diaries".

Meynell, it appears, had printed an essay of Thompson's and sent him a check. The check had been returned, since Thompson no longer lived at the address given. Meynell took pains to find the poet, who presently came to see him. "His appearance was then terrible in its destitution. When he came into the room he half opened the door, and then retreated, and did so twice before he got courage to come inside. He was in rags, his feet without stockings showing through his boots, his coat torn, and no shirt. He seemed in the last stages of physical collapse." Invited to dinner, he talked until about ten o'clock, "when he became uneasy and said he must be going. I asked him what obliged him, and he explained that he was obliged to earn tenpence every day to live. This he did by waiting at the doors of theatres and calling cabs, and by selling matches in the neighborhood of Charing Cross." And then Thompson told Meynell the story of the moment when Chatterton had appeared and saved his life:

"He used, before I knew him," said Meynell, "to sleep at night under the arches of Covent Garden, where every quarter of an hour he was liable to be kicked awake by the police and told to move on. It was in an empty space of ground behind the market where the gardeners throw their rubbish, that, just before, he had resolved on suicide. He then spent all his remaining pence on laudanum, one large dose, and he went there at night to take it. He had swallowed half when he felt an arm laid on his wrist, and looking up he saw Chatterton standing over him and for-

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bidding him to drink the other half. I asked him, when he told me of it, how he had known it was Chatterton. He said, 'I recognized him from the pictures of him — besides, I knew that it was he before I saw him — and I remembered at once the story of the money which arrived for Chatterton the day after his suicide.'"

"Just the same thing", adds Blunt, "happened to Thompson" — for Meynell's check was even then waiting for him, and more than that, the tender care and friendship of the Meynell family.

It always seems to us improbable — never more so, perhaps, than in America at this moment — that there is really any unrecognized and starving genius left in our eager and kindly world to brood upon thoughts of suicide; yet there may be such; and we can only hope that St. Thomas Chatterton will touch him (or her) upon the arm, and say: "Don't! There will be a check from an editor tomorrow!"

LITERATURE OF THE LAUNDRY

THE Detroit "Saturday Night" publishes an editorial titled "Back to the Laundry", calling attention to an open letter "to the public press of America" from the Laundry-owners' National Association of La Salle, Illinois. Here is an abbreviated version of the communication written, curiously, not in 1600 or 1700 but in this very enlightened century:

> Whereas, many newspaper articles and cartoons, no doubt unintentionally, hold the laundry industry up to scorn and ridicule; and whereas laundry owners spend hundreds of thousands of advertising dollars with the papers: Be it resolved that we earnestly hope that the American spirit of fair play will prompt the publishers to stop the publication of such material; and that we pledge ourselves to constantly advocate newspaper advertising for laundries.

This amazing paragraph sprang from anger caused by the syndicate publication of an essay dealing with laundries written by one of our most famous humorists. One must not jibe at the laundry, lest perfervid orators spring up on street corners to defend the sanctity of the perfectly tailored sheet. It must not be written down that laundries occasionally stray from the path of cleanliness.

From this idiotic effort at press muzzling, two points may be made. First, that the brazen attempts by various groups in America to control public opinion are real and serious barriers to the freedom of speech. The lack of humor that might prompt undertakers, plumbers, dentists, cross word puzzle fans, or even editors to band together to keep the newspapers clean of fun, might conceivably put "Life" out of business but could not greatly affect the Constitution of the United States. Other organizations, functioning likewise, could wreck a nation. H. L. Mencken is forever laughing at America, along with reformers of one sort or another. As long as Mr. Mencken can laugh at himself he will be a successful editor, and as long as we can laugh at Mr. Mencken, Dr. Frank Crane, and other propagandists, we shall be safe from their wiles.

The other point that the serious minded wielders of sud and iron have overlooked is the advertising value of humor. As many men have been made by a joke as have been ruined by one. Suppose Mr. Ford had attempted to stamp out the Ford car joke. Fancy President Coolidge issuing an edict that stories of his taciturnity must cease. Personality is the result of divergence

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from the ordinary. A man who cannot be caricatured is ready for the morgue. It is reverence for the laundry that should worry the gentlemen of La Salle. It might soon put them out of business.

VICARIOUS LIVING

MAN has many regrets. One of the most poignant is that but one life is vouchsafed him. Nearly everyone believes that had he his life to live over, he could crowd into it more usefulness and happiness, to himself and others, than he has been able to put into the one he is living or has lived. There is no chance of it, so he devotes himself to prolonging life, to urging scientists to tell him how it can be done, and to living other lives vicariously. The last he accomplishes by reading biography. That is the reason why literature of this class makes such powerful appeal to us, especially in our mature and late life.

Biography in some form bulks large in all literature, and it appears to be getting more pervasive. A variety that seems now to be finding great favor is verbal portraiture, and the leading artist in this country is Gamaliel Bradford. Canada has an industrious and talented member of the guild who writes under the name of E. Barrington. France, likewise, has a gifted member who calls himself André Maurois: "The Divine Lady", E. Barrington's story of Lady Hamilton, and "Ariel: The Life of Shelley" by Maurois were among the great successes of the past year. Now an Englishman, Geoffrey Scott, has published under the title "The Portrait of Zélide" the story of an eighteenth century Dutch belle, Isabella Van Tuyll who became Madame de Charrière, which is as seductive as romance and as absorbing as a psychological novel.

Her chief lien on fame now would seem to be that Boswell loved her and sought to thrust pedantry and Puritanism upon her; that she held Benjamin Constant enthralled for ten years, though she was twice his age and had a husband; and that she made way for Madame de Staël without display of spleen or jealousy.

Probably no autoportrait was ever painted, not excepting even Harriet Martineau's, that more accurately reflected the emotional and intellectual makeup of the possessor than "The Portrait of Mademoiselle de Z. under the name of Zélide". Mr. Scott quotes it in part in his fascinating book. No one can read it without thinking that feminism or other evolutionary machinery has eliminated a type of woman which reached its fullest flower about a century ago.

Madame de Charrière said of herself that with less sensibility she would have had the mind of a great man; with less intelligence, she would have been only a weak woman. Self estimation is one of the most difficult things in the world to do correctly. She was more successful at it than Saint Augustine or Marie Bashkirtseff.

AMY LOWELL AND HERBERT QUICK

HERBERT QUICK died at sixty four, Amy Lowell at fifty one; both were writing with vigor, and at the height of their success. Mr. Quick was editor, author, lawyer, politician, and novelist. His recent trilogy of historical novels of the midwest ranks high in American fiction. His Jake Vandemark is a character not easily forgotten. He was a good writer, a

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loyal friend, and an honest and active force in the affairs of the country. With Miss Lowell's death, we lose one of the most vital personalities of current letters. She was strong in mind and purpose, brilliant in technique, with a delicate imagination and a virile power of analysis. Both her prose and her poetry command admiration and respect. Miss Lowell was friend and adviser to many. From one of America's oldest families, she was yet democratic in the best sense of the word. Her house, her library, her garden, she loved and shared freely with her friends. Those friends were loyal and often self sacrificing. Chief among them was Ada Dwyer Russell, Miss Lowell's companion and constant aid, who made possible those last months of hardship and labor when the Keats biography was being finished. We cannot phrase too strongly the affection, gratitude, admiration, and respect felt by the editors of this magazine for Miss Lowell as a friend who was constant and honest in her advice to us and to a host of others in the workshop of American letters.

SCREEN JOURNALISM

THE story of "Grass" was there to be got, in that land situated vaguely to the western mind between "The Arabian Nights" and "The Rubaiyat"; it was as if someone had telephoned the city room of a newspaper and said: "There is a fire at the old docks; I thought you'd want to cover it." Then a reporter and a camera man would have set out as gleefully as their sophistication would permit, and an event would have become a story for all the world to read.

Curious events were stirring in that vague territory off to the East of history. A group of tribes was known to migrate twice a year in search of pasture, across mountains less passable than some which have kept entire nations secret. The size and plan of the migration, the scale of the barrier, and the hardships accepted would have made them worth recording even without the knowledge that this was the story of half the world's beginnings.

So three journalists set out for Persia. One wrote a book, another made thousands of feet of film, and the curious events in the South Persian mountains became a remarkable story. Perhaps the book is not especially notable, for many travelers have written of stranger things they have seen; but the picture is brilliant work. Like much good journalism, it is practically anonymous; one regrets the necessity which leaves out of the record the courage and labor and bold spirit of the people who made it. But when a reporter at a fire is struck by a falling timber, no mention of that appears in the printed story unless it be an item in the list of casualties.

Motion pictures originated as journalistic records. The picture drama followed some time afterward, when the medium had improved and curiosity had ceased to attract large audiences. But screen journalism has survived in news reels, educational pictures, and the like. Its potentialities are huge. Gradually in the libraries of the large producing companies are accumulating films of almost every event of spectacular quality which occurs today. No other period of the world's history has been so minutely recorded that a later generation will be able to detect the obsolescence over a period of a few years in manners, customs, and styles.

Nowadays the camera goes everywhere. But much of the world remains

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to be explored by the photographer with an imagination, a bit of courage, and a strong back.

THE REVOLVING CIRCLE

THE attendant who guards the library portals and ushers you in with a click of his counting machine, can furnish an estimate of the reading public commendable for mathematical exactness. But who can, with any degree of accuracy, chart the reactions of that public? At the moment we appear to desire the sophisticated book; we wish to be a trifle highbrow. Yet there are vast quantities of people who read the Elsie books in their youth and have never grown up, who still like school girl sentiment. Their children, it is true, own Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson; but how earnestly they peruse the classics is a matter for speculation. Recently in a midwest high school it was discovered that reading outside the classroom was confined practically to the true-story type magazine. Even Zane Grey was giving way in the young mind to stories of the regenerating souls of chorus ladies. In spite of this, the present day public is undoubtedly a growing one for the current novel of serious intent.

Yet the cynic may well say that there will be a reversal of form. That one fine morning a new novelist of sweetness and light will spring from a lily bud and that the world will follow blindly his or her dictates, forgetting that it ever dreamed of books "worthwhile" and "stimulating". No race can become perfectly sophisticated without disintegrating completely. The drama is already returning to niceness with the success in New York of such engaging pieces as "Is Zat So?", "The Poor Nut", and "The Fall Guy". There must be a vanishing point of the blush; when it has vanished, then it will be the fashion to blush again. Even the radio as a fad will pall sooner or later and take its place as a household staple. Books will go on being read, and we cannot expect morons to be eliminated from the world. "A Book for Every Moron" may become a successful publishing slogan. Meanwhile, let the highbrows have their day and rejoice in it. Do not forget, however, that there were always highbrows of one sort or another. Though the Shakespeare and Browning Societies may have given way to psychoanalysis and D. H. Lawrence, who knows but that we may all be forming Chaucer Cosies before the decade passes?

BON VOYAGE, ARLEN!

MICHAEL ARLEN has left us for a brief period, left us just as his new book is published, left us with a successful play on the boards in Chicago, two more in prospect for the autumn, and the plan for two novels in his head, left us with a pink carnation in his button hole and an engaging smile beneath his mustaches. He was practically without enemies in America, which is a great deal to say for a young gentleman at once so clever and so successful. It argues well for his tact, his intelligence, and his charm. He is a hard worker, is Arlen. "May Fair" is a good book: it has more humor than "The Green Hat", and the stories are better told than the ones in "These Charming People". What he will do in the future, after his sojourn in the motion pictures next year, is problematical; but those who know him feel sure that it will be well considered and the

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product of thought and honest labor. Anecdotes of Arlen are many, of his cleverness and of his rudeness. Yet he was never rude except in response to rudeness, and stories of his kindliness might well be circulated were it not for the fact that kindliness is neither spectacular nor amusing. He is a good fellow and a good friend, a fact admitted by those who do not praise his books, as well as by those who do. America liked him and he seemed to like America. It will welcome him when he returns.

CUPID'S HOLIDAY

(Imitated from the Elizabethan song of that name by W. Munsey)

By Floyd Dell

LET her that is of love afraid
Venture not into the shade
Of this dusk wood, the tangles dark
And secret glades of Cupid's Park;
Turn her timid steps away,
Nor disturb the laughing play
Of those that keep love's holiday.

Only she may enter here
Whose happy fancy laughs at fear,
Only she whose generous flame
Burns away the thought of shame:
But welcome to this trysting place
That lovely girl whose laughing face
Can lend delight its own sweet grace.

Here let her number joys until
Arithmetic's amazed, and fill
Her lap with pleasures as with flowers,
Kissing out the golden hours,
Till the hours are kissed to sleep,
And the stars her secrets keep
In a golden slumber deep.

Waking, she shall wake to gladness,
Never any pang of sadness
Or regret shall bitter-mingle
With the morning joys that tingle
At her dewy lips — O never
Shall she rue her sweet endeavor,
But be glad of it forever!

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THE PASSING OF AMY LOWELL

By Hervey Allen

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.
Shelley, "Adonais".

"A DOME of Many-Coloured Glass" was the name of Amy Lowell's first book, a title, indeed, which might well be given to her own elegy. Few American poets have stained the white radiance with more beautiful and brilliant colors than Amy Lowell, and fewer still have erected in so short a space of time so imposing and withal so fragile a dome. Whether any of the colors there are indelible or not it is too soon to say, but that they will assume new tints, even if faded ones, in the light of the future, it does not take the spirit of prophecy to predict. Biographer, critic, lecturer, translator, and poet — but transcending all of these a personality with the gift of enlightening discussion — her claim to a niche in the hall of fame of American literature is a strong one. In this generation at least the memory of her learned and witty, her keen and often biting conversation, will linger as the talk of Dr. Johnson and Coleridge lingered in the fond remembrance of their contemporaries. For Amy Lowell had the greatest woman's tongue that has so far disturbed the United States. Sometimes wisely cruel, often constructively devastating, she also had in her, to the full, the capacity for generous and warm affection which in an intellectual and retrospective way she lavished upon Keats.

It is this womanly and human trait which makes the sorrow of her passing so poignant to her more intimate friends. She takes with her the electric atmosphere necessary to fill the static vacuum which her departure has made. There is no one like her to turn to in times of intellectual and æsthetic doubt, no one so convincing to advise with about a literary difficulty, no one who is such an accurate barometer of the literary weather. The personal help of a passionate and sympathetic soul cast in a tremendous mold has gone. The big house in Brookline must be lonely without her. It is now a source of vague longing and disquiet instead of comfort in the back of one's mind. One cannot help but wonder about the flowers and birds in the garden, the ashes on the hearth in the silent library, the unsmoked cigars, the incomplete manuscripts, the bright poems that have gone down to smolder like jewels in the dark.

For Amy Lowell was only fifty one when she died, leaving a great part of her lifework and her promise unfulfilled. There was to have been an "Emily Dickinson" to follow "John Keats", a number of poems, and who knows what other gleanings from a brain so fertile; certainly criticism, analysis, and comment without which we shall be the poorer. By the terms of her will Miss Lowell has provided for the publication of some of her manuscripts, and there will be a posthumous volume of poetry issued in Boston this coming fall, but no bequest to the future can be so generous and significant as a few more years of her life would have been. Her death, following immediately after the publica-

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tion of the definitive Life of Keats, was dramatic, but it was none the less untimely. Important as her further writing might have been, it is she herself who is the great loss.

Amy Lowell, the living, breathing woman, stands out so far above and beyond her work, that it is my feeling that many of the things she wrote, barring "Keats", have mainly an extrinsic interest due to the significance of her dynamic personality in her work as a whole rather than to an inspired quality inherent in the work itself. This I believe is especially true of her poetry. Not that there may not be poems of hers here and there dowered with sufficient strength of beauty, form, imagination, and music to permit them to march a considerable distance into time; but taking her poetry as a whole, it seems to me that its chief interest and value must always be in the examples it gives of her theories of verse in actual operation. Her criticism I believe will stand on a different basis. Such a book as "Tendencies", despite its doubtful prophecies as to the future direction of the main currents of American poetry, must remain as a milestone in the history of American verse and for the most part retain a value as a keen analysis of the important figures which it portrays.

But literature to Amy Lowell, both creative and critical, was a substitute for something she found lacking in the real world about her. There was in her a certain feverish necessity to create, to examine and move on, which had about it the earmarks of unfulfilled desire and sometimes the startled hurry of a retreat. She was, as we all know, fond of screens and surfaces, and she embroidered and bejeweled them lavishly. Patterns were her specialty. One wonders what silent eyes watched her through the fabrics from the space between the arras and the wall — the bare white wall, over which she reared the dome of many-colored glass to shut out the intolerable black pall in the white radiance which Archibald MacLeish has called "nothing — nothing — nothing — nothing at all". Hence her hurry from one thing to another, the passing flashes of the torch of her genius into dark places, the examination of porcelains and ivory carvings, of all beautiful and fragile things, as if life were a cabinet that hid within its secret drawer some secret more lovely than all its bricabrac — hence, too, the inevitable disappointment and the crash and tinkle of the little sherds of precious glass and jade as she hurried, hurried on to something new. There must have been moments and hours of insight when the whole dome came rattling and pounding down about her feet. She says so herself, in a "Fairy Tale". It is more than the mere decorator who is speaking now —

The fire falls asunder, all is changed,
I am no more a child, and what I see
Is not a fairy tale, but life, my life.
The gifts are there, the many pleasant things:
Health, wealth, long-settled friendships, with a name
Which honours all who bear it, and the power
Of making words obedient. This is much;
But overshadowing all is still the curse,
That never shall I be fulfilled by love!
Along the parching highroad of the world
No other soul shall bear mine company.
Always shall I be teased with semblances,
With cruel impostures, which I trust awhile
Then dash to pieces, as a careless boy
Flings a kaleidoscope, which shattering
Strews all the ground about with coloured sherds.
So I behold my visions on the ground
No longer radiant, an ignoble heap
Of broken, dusty glass. And so, unlit,
Even by hope or faith, my dragging steps
Force me forever through the passing days.

This then was the great tragedy, the secret of her relentless toil. Like so many other men and women in our civilization who devote themselves to

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the intensive cultivation of the intellect and of art, she paid the penalty and leaves no descendants. The faces of her children are to be found only in the pages of books; these at least she has projected into time. But all this does not make them any the less significant or real to us; indeed, because of the burning life force that went into them they are all the more valuable. In the biography of Keats, however, Amy Lowell finally fulfilled herself. Into it went all the creative energy of her body and soul, her finest critical acumen, her vast scholarship, and her love for a noble man. In it, surface and man and background are complete, and fused into one.

In the same way in which she transcended most of her work, so above these flashes of the sunshine and shadow of her life towered the woman herself. It is the loss of this strong willed personality and its influence which will affect American poetry, and affect it, at least for the present, profoundly. Her writing remains the same, no better and no worse because she is no longer here; it can only abide the test of time. But we of the present are robbed of one of the great influences for free and hot discussion in the field of an art which is always trying to freeze and congeal. She was one of the few personages in American poetry that had the knack of making the critical problems of verse generally interesting, one of the few that could confer life and pertinent direction upon unhampered inquiry. The very opposition she aroused was healthy — forts which do not have to be defended are abandoned to decay. Whether the strongholds fell before her or not is a moot question, but the very fact that she summoned them to surrender has given a more marching and virile strain to the music of their garrisons. I am afraid that the long peace which her departure threatens will make way again for the thin music of lutes.

Miss Lowell, more than anyone else, helped to give to our poetry its two main modern categories — those of "old" and of "free" verse. Like so many important poets since the Civil War she felt that the norm of important modern utterance is prose, that poetry like any other thing must compromise and, with the prevailing literary form of the era in which it is written, approach the rhythms of spoken speech in the life of the day. This it must do in some way, she believed, if it was to carry emotion intelligibly to modern ears. Largely under her championing the inchoate rhythms of Whitman, who held somewhat the same theory, took on a more definite guise and went through a secondary education in the Imagist school. Miss Lowell's theories finally congealed in the form of polyphonic prose. Provided with a disconcerting battery of clever special pleadings, some sound critical reasons, and a masterful propaganda, she was able to open a breach even in the wall of prejudice. The city beyond was not taken, but the artillery duel will go on over her grave, it is to be hoped. She would enjoy the sound of the guns. The result to date seems to be that it is no longer possible to attract attention by merely writing in free verse. Within the bounds of intelligible communication and sustained rhythms it has simply become one of the many ways in which to write poetry.

Amy Lowell's success in making herself a great personality was due largely to three factors: the energy, culture, and conservatism of her New England tradition and ancestry, a native originality and strength of character, and a cosmopolitan outlook and aristocratic experience which enabled her to blend the first two into the unity of an integrated

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soul. She was not always able to escape the inhibitions of Puritanism, and this, with the sense of frustration already mentioned, may account for a certain coldness and preoccupation with things extrahuman which pervades much of her poetry. In her effort to free herself she sometimes became melodramatic. It is only fair to add, however, that in decorating surfaces Miss Lowell took backgrounds for granted, and it is largely those that lack the latter who complain of her preoccupation with the former. She was among the first to make available in English a considerable body of Chinese poetry. Aside from any question as to their inherent values, these translations of Chinese classics are significant because they show that American literature, which began in Europe, is already beginning to look toward Asia. In Amy Lowell the two tendencies met and blended with a strange exotic glow against a dark background of New England past and present. The result was a new and gorgeous color, perhaps a portent.

The last years of her life were devoted to the infinite labor and fatal expenditure of energy required by the compilation of material for and the writing of over 1,400 pages of lucid prose in her biography of John Keats. Miss Lowell considered Keats to be the source of much of her inspiration. She admired in his character a certain combination of practical ability, human sympathy, love of nature, and poetical vision which she found in herself. This sympathy, together with the vast fund of source material which she possessed, and could draw upon, has enabled her successfully to rescue him from the legend of the namby pamby, moonstruck, wailing lover, the talented weakling who could not survive criticism, that was for so long the darling of the sentimentalists. Along with the poet himself, she has set forth Fanny Brawne as a new and dignified womanly figure. "Keats, you know," Miss Lowell was fond of saying, "would have made a good doctor if he had not been a better poet." And therein, as she knew, much of his secret lay, a genius for hard work. That might have been her motto, too. No one ever worked harder, night after night, year after year. The days, partly for the sake of privacy, she gave to sleep. It is literally true that she worked herself to death.

Under the exacting demands of the translation and preparation of her book of Chinese poetry, and her unremitting toil in the labor of love over Keats, her health began to fail rapidly. Complications arising from an accident of many years ago necessitated a series of surgical operations which brought only temporary relief. Moving about became visibly painful. Although she still drove herself, it became patent that the publication of "Keats" would have to be delayed. In October, 1924, she writes:

> I realize that some things are impossible. Judging from the condition the book is now in, it will be impossible to bring it out sooner. I am absolutely drowned in proof.

A few years before nothing would have seemed "impossible", and she would have reveled in proof. She finished "Keats" and the first proofs of a new volume of poetry, "What's O'clock", with the hands nearing the fatal hour. The end was indeed close at hand. Only one more scene was permitted.

In early April, a few weeks after the belated appearance of "Keats", a committee of her old Boston friends tendered her a dinner. As the honor guest of what was almost a dramatic occasion, she received the congratulations of her older and younger contempo-

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raries, the tribute of fellow scholars, and other felicitations, in the intimate circle of her admiring friends. In reply she read "Lilacs", closing with its fine tribute to her native section. It was noticed that her voice, usually so firm and resonant, faltered — as she looked over a bowl of orchids, through the pale yellow sprays of exotic flowers, she saw New England applauding. The battle was won, but it was almost too late. There was to have been a triumphal tour to old England, with lectures at Eton, Cambridge, and Oxford, but the sands had run out. A few weeks later she was dead.

The multitude in its childishly wise way has conferred upon George Washington the crest of a cherry tree, upon Edgar Poe the symbol of spiritual inspiration. It is not unlikely that it will associate with Amy Lowell the legend of her cigar. And the world as usual will be half right, for it is the symbol of her most human and social talent, her marvelous after dinner conversation. There are others, however, who came a little closer than the world did, who know that it is something more than the spirit of an artist and a giant conversationalist which has departed from the dreamful smoke in the great mansion at Brookline; it is the soul of a great woman. One who turned the silent tragedy of frustration into the music of color and triumph. One who had dared to say of herself:

> The silence is so great that my heart is a-freezing,
> Only the sound of my footsteps resounds on the pavement.

But there were no timid steps there, Amy Lowell; it was a brave, an unfaltering, and a magnificent promenade.

NEW HORIZONS

By David Morton

WHEN I shall take these hills and make them mine,
So intimately near me, so possessed
That I shall taste the thought of them like wine,
Like holy bread I break within my breast —
Then I shall have no need of coming here,
As I have come so many nights, of late,
To strength that stands beyond the hour of fear,
To lonely grandeurs that are kings in state.

For these will be so perfectly my own
That I shall know them near me in the dark:
Their hurt and scars, their strength and rugged stone,
Standing so still and desolate and stark,
That I shall learn what strength and storm are worth,
And how the lonely are the kings of earth.

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TRUE LOVE AND THE WIDOW FAY

By Arthur Mason

With Sketches by F. H. Barkley

"AH, Gerry Mullen, it's you it is. God bless me, it'll be the heart of ice you've shivered me with! And what do you be doing out this time of the night?"

"And why aren't you asleep, Widow Fay, when the birds and the sea they are dreaming — and look, the stars do be hanging drowsy in the sky."

" 'Tis the silence scritching in me ears that makes me walk the night, and me that lonesome for me Dan that has been laid away one year the day."

"A sad day for ye, and you but forty — but there's time for sadder, for it's time ye have to lay away many's the good man before — ah, Widow Fay, 'tis no night for me to talk to the likes of ye. Do you hear them calling me? Whisht! Home to your bed; I'm away to the strand to the bit of water there, where the wee ships are getting their sails up. Good night to you, Widow Fay."

"Bad luck to you, Gerry Mullen. It is the like of you has been the ruin of me cow."

"Whisht", he said again, nervously, and went hurrying away.

Gerry Mullen, bachelor, was a homely one at that. Tall he was, and the trade of cobblestone maker and mender of roads had done nothing to straighten or refine a frame already

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bent and angular, large handed and ample footed. His knees were calloused like those of a goat, for he kneeled when he broke his cobblestones. His face was longdrawn and solemn, and his upper apron lip hung down, giving him the expression of a melancholy bulldog.

He was not the type to charm the fair colleen, but nature had compensated.

" 'Tis the way he has wit him", they said to their young men, when they were caught on the highroad stopping, and staying, to bother Gerry Mullen at his work. They wanted a bit of a word with him. He gave his advice, and they took it, and the winning of a mate for his petitioners became as much a matter of course as the trimming of a cobble.

It was said that his wisdom came not so much from his brain as from the counsel he might be holding of nights with the little wee men with the red caps. Well known it was that often of a night he wandered, and often of a morning he came to work with alien mud upon his boots, and that was testimony more credible than his familiar talk of them, and did much to give him the influence which sent many a donkey traveling far, that its master might have a word with Gerry.

" 'Tis strange", they said, "that he can get for us from the wee men, yet not a bit do he get for himself. No wife, nor ary house worth the calling, nor pig even. With all the little farms around, and the mistresses that own them. The work do be falling off too, he's been that anxious-like lately."

Others shook their heads, and the Widow Fay's name was mentioned, and comment was made that since her Dan, coming home from the fair, had made the unfortunate decision to interfere in a little trouble at the crossroads pub, from which he had been transferred to the cemetery, Gerry Mullen had never really been the same man. For the Widow Fay would not look at him, and why would the poor woman? With her cow bewitched? Dry for the last six months, and her not a year since she brought in a calf? Why would she stop giving milk except for the evil eye, and who would be giving it to her but that man who was disappointed of the field of as fine potatoes as any that grew in the parish, and the thatched house, and the pig, and the buxom mistress of it all?

Ah, could it be doubted now that Gerry Mullen and the little wee ones with the red caps were at the bottom of it?

An excellent chance for Pat Burke, who also had his eye on the widow, and whose bit of land adjoined hers. He wasn't much, at sixty years, for the women, but his house didn't keep out the rain so very well any more. Poor Dan was a good friend to him — and it was a little soon — but ah well, the best of us all have to go, and 'tis little time we have; we may as well take what we can.

Word reached Gerry that Pat was a fast worker, and that the Widow Fay now wore a clean apron every day. Also that Pat had a new pair of corduroy trousers. The gossips at the crossroads had it that the widow and Pat had been seen at the bog engaged in earnest conversation, and poor Dan Fay hardly cold in his grave. It was not to be wondered at that the cow had stopped giving milk.

"That a thing like this should happen," thought Gerry, "and me at my time of life, and all my experience. Ah, wurra, I'll be trying me hand a little stronger."

But there was not a word of encouragement from her. When he

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passed her house the donkey brayed; even the pig squealed; but there was no love in that. It was a wink from the widow's eyes he wanted; a wink that would say:

"Gerry, 'tis the fine sober man that you are; and the roads that you mend, you could draw a hearse over them and not disturb the corpse."

How much better this than the scrowly face of the Widow Fay whenever she set eyes on him! Burke, the blackguard, was poisoning her, and the cow was at the bottom of it all. And when the day came that the dividing fence came down, and the land of Patrick Burke was grafted fair and square to that of the Widow Fay, Gerry Mullen, in despair, trod the turf for perhaps the last time to gaze upon the night shadows, to talk to the wee men with the red caps, and to say the last to his love. How he met the cold widow in the light of the stars, and how the silence scritched to her only of the witchery of a cow, we have already, glory be to God, made plain.

Desperation made hollow the brain of him as he walked away from her, downcast with drooping head over the turf, then along the brae to the rocks, down to the lake the sea had left on its journey, by tide, to the deep. Were they there, the wee ones, to tell him what to do?

He stopped when he came to the belt of water, and sat down, squinting low.

"Ah, there they are, by the hundred, the ones with the red caps", he said, and stopped. "Do ye call, 'Ho, ho, are ye there?' Yes, I am so. I can see you thick and plenty, climbing over your little ships. Where's the Captain? I want a word with him.

"He's on the sloop out there, sounding for anchorage? Ah well, bring him in, won't ye, I don't want to get my feet wet. It's giggling ye are, but I can see ye skimming out in your skiff to get him. Ah, there he comes in the stern of her, him with his big eyes, and his roguish face. 'Tis well I can see him, with his sou'wester and his pea-jacket that comes close up under his arms, and well I can hear him shout, 'Hello, Gerry Mullen!'

"Hello.

"'You never come but you want something', says he; 'and now you bother me when I am trying to anchor my ships so that I can scrape the barnacles off. I'm so covered with barnacles that sails are of no use to me.'

"Oh, is that all that ails you, my little man? Indeed, if that were all that ailed me I'd remedy it in a minute.

"'How?' asks the Captain of the wee men, as he comes jumping out of the skiff.

"Right here, where I am. I'll make a deal with you. You tell me how I can win the Widow Fay, for God knows I want her, and it'll be her nice little piece of land that will never know the hoe if Patrick Burke gets her. 'Does she love me?' says you, rubbing your hands. Ah, well you may! No, love me she does not, for it be that same blackguard of a Pat Burke that she waters with her tears. Will you please be so obliging as no more to chirrup that 'Ha, ha, ha!' at the top of your little bits of lungs. 'Tis disconcerting to a fair minded person.

"Oh ho, so that's the way the wind blows! First I must tell you how to get the barnacles off from your ships? Promise me, then, that I'll get the widow, and the barnacles shall leave your ships before ever the morning star rises. Ah well, go if you want to, back to your big sloop — that one over there with the jibs up, is it? and have your consultation over the Widow Fay,

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"But with it all I'm a bit worried about the Captain's barnacles!"

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but first take the facts. 'Tis all the cow makes the trouble. She fetched a calf, then went dry, with nary drop of milk since, and 'tis me that must be said to give her the evil that bewitched her. All by the wish of Patrick Burke to get the Widow Fay, and him with scarce a tooth in his head left. . . .

"So here you are again. Well, I was having a bit of a nap. So 'tis the widow will be mine if you get the barnacle secret? Ah well, come up here by the brow of the road, and mind ye what I tell ye, for the barnacle secret must be whispered, and once given, or 'twill fail. Tell your wee men you'll be back soon, and let them hold themselves ready.

"You say that the widow is mine; she and her pig and her donkey thrown in? How about the dry cow? There, get up on my shoulder, and mind that your beard keeps away from my ear. 'Tis here the hawthorn has some jagged limbs. Perhaps you would be wise to move to the other shoulder. Now I mind me, perhaps 'twould be best for ye to get down altogether, for thinking is not easy at the best of times, but with ye up there —

"Now, whisper — in me right ear, having first pulled off your little red cap. 'Tis not the peak I mind, 'tis the tassel."

Not even the cuckoo could have heard what the wee man said to Gerry Mullen about the Widow Fay. But there stood Gerry, wiping the sweat from his face in the dark of the night, and crying aloud with laughter.

"Begob, I can feel the widow in me arms! Ah, the barnacle remedy. Of course, and you'll pay attention with your nerves at razor's edge. Get a goat's horn, then, and gather two fingers of dew from the sweetbriar, and — when is the new moon? A week from tomorrow night, you say? Well, then, the very first night of the new moon beach your ships and list them away from the crest of it, and when the evening star is a cobblestone's throw away from the earth sprinkle the dew from the horn over the hulk of the first sloop, then do the same with the next ship, and so on until they are all clean, then load up your goat's horn, taking care not to swamp your fine ship, and sail away, and a fine voyage to ye. There are your ships signaling ye! There be twittering bulbs in the water. They must have found anchorage. 'Tis you I have to thank for your good wishes for meself and the Widow Fay, and 'tis you have me to thank for the barnacle secret, which came down to me from the night of the great wind."

Dawn was breaking when Gerry passed the widow's cottage. Somewhere inside a rooster was crowing comfortably. Gerry stopped, turned about, crossing himself against the ill luck that attends such a faceabout, and stepping up to the door bent down and peered through the latch with eyes that flickered with hurried romance. He coughed — loudly. Within a voice joined that of the rooster.

"May the divil take the speaker that would wake a decent woman at this time of the morning!"

"Ah, Widow Fay," shouted Gerry, "the dawn is calling ye. Come out with your eyes to the east, Widow Fay, and let the amber sun shine on the beauty of ye! I've a word for ye, and I'll be telling it ye to the song of the lark!"

"Is it you, Gerry Mullen?" asked the widow, opening the upper half leaf of the door.

"Ah," murmured Gerry, "your eyes are like two stars that never met a cloud, and your face, Widow Fay, is fairer than the purple beyond the sunrise!"

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"Bad luck to ye, Gerry Mullen, with your palavering this morning, and what is it ye want with me at all, at all?"

"Whisht, Widow Fay, or the sparrows may hear!"

"Is it a blight on my potatoes you'll be after telling me, Gerry Mullen?"

Gerry raised his hand.

"Hush, to the memory of poor Dan Fay, give me your ear, for it's money that wouldn't buy me secret."

"Ah, and it is to the wee men ye were last night. Out with it, Gerry, and if it means me doom, may the divil take both you and the little wee men with the red caps!"

"Hold our words, Widow Fay, for it's time enough you'll have for them after your business be's done this morning!"

"Aye, 'tis, for it'll be Pat Burke's wife I'll be before the afternoon shadows lengthen."

A dry cough came into the throat of Gerry. He looked down to where the strip of water was filling up by the incoming tide. The wee men were not in sight now, for they could not stand the light of day, and Gerry Mullen caught for his wavering plans, as he put a false smile of congratulation on his face, and uttered fair compliments for Pat Burke to her whose shrewd, appraising eye belied the heaving of her fair bosom.

"It's little I have to give ye for your wed," he concluded, "and the more shame to me, seeing it'll be meself that's pointed to as being the one to cast the evil eye upon your cow that's dry, as all the world knows."

"She is dry, and you are right," answered the widow, "and 'tis a burning shame that as fine a cow as there is in the parish should so have stopped handing down her milk. Not that I'd be saying it was you, Gerry, for you have a fine way wit ye, and ye were me Dan's friend. But as it is I — "

Disregarding her embarrassment with fine feeling, Gerry took the word:

"Shure, that's my present to ye. I cannot take the curse off the cow, not having been that one to put it on, and I doubt it is too late now, short of her giving ye another calf. But I can do one thing, and that is to show you the way to reveal to yourself him that done the thing in the first place, that you may avoid and shun the blackguard wherever you meet him. It may be that you be's meeting him now every day — it may be."

"God save me", said the widow; "how shall I ever find out him that done that dirty trick? Gerry Mullen, if you'll be after proving that to me I'll maybe be a better listener to your flattery."

Gerry smiled, and his apron lip swung like a pendulum.

"Widow Fay," he said, "it's the beauty in your face and body that tries the heart of me in sorrow, and your dry cow has made me days and nights like centuries without sunlight."

"Tell me", cried the widow, stepping out in her bare feet, "why me cow went dry!"

"Whisht, woman, not so fast, but promise me first that you'll do as I tell you, without delay, and yourself will find the villain that cursed the cow you own."

"I'll promise anything, Gerry, anything, to get me revenge for me purty little Durham cow!"

The sun topped the horizon, and its red glow fell on Gerry, whispering into the widow's ear. He spoke low, and there came a cunning look into his eyes.

"Find all the pins you can, Widow Fay, and put them into the pot and boil them for an hour. See no one, speak to no one, until that time be's up. Then the first one you lay your

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eyes upon, that'll be the one that dried your cow."

"If this be true, Gerry Mullen," said the widow solemnly, "I'll know. Not for nothing was me grandmother born with the caul. I'll not be forgetting ye, Gerry Mullen."

"Goodby, Widow Fay, and God be with ye."

That morning Gerry found that it was his duty to mend a little piece of road close to Pat Burke's place. They were not the best of friends, but, since Pat was roving restlessly about his boundaries, Gerry thought best to hail him with congratulations. Pat drew nearer.

"It's a fine bit of land that yours and the widow's will make."

" 'Tis."

"Ah, the poor woman is lonesome since Dan died", said Gerry, "and shure she's satisfied with anything. It's telling me she was about a thorn in her feet. Says she:

"'There's only one man will pull that out.'

"Oh, the poor woman, sometimes I think she isn't herself since that morning when Dan Fay was carried home from the crossroad. Well, Pat Burke, the county don't be paying me for standing here talking to the likes of ye."

Gerry shouldered his pick and shovel and moved a bit farther down the road, but before he did he saw turf smoke coming out of the widow's chimney. Somehow he knew that the pins were boiling and that the widow was sitting by her door waiting for the Durham cow's revenge. Pat Burke would pull a thorn out of a goat's feet. Why not out of a woman's? Gerry saw him even then strolling away on his errand of mercy.

He watched him go, then his thoughts wandered to the wee men, as he filled in a rut in the road. Behind him Widow Fay's dry cow mooed.

"Bad luck to ye", said Gerry; "it's milk ye have to give, anyway."

After that it wasn't long till Gerry saw Pat Burke running for his life across the Widow Fay's potato field, toward home. The widow pursued him lithely, bouncing cobble stones off his unprotected back.

"Bedad," said Gerry, "what a purty sight. But with it all I'm a bit worried about the Captain's barnacles!"

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WHITEWASHING JANE CLEMENS

By Doris and Samuel Webster

VAN WYCK BROOKS and Harvey O'Higgins have shown us that Mark Twain's Puritanical mother was responsible for the religious tone of his writings, and that if it hadn't been for her he might have been a very successful author. It was her stern upbringing, it seems, that made him rush to the defense of the church in such books as "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and "The Mysterious Stranger", marked by the strong fundamentalist doctrines taught him at his mother's knee. But under proper surroundings, they claim, he might have been a modernist.

This conception of Jane Clemens has taken strong hold on a public reacting from the convention of giving a mother credit for all a great man does. They now want to blame her for all he didn't do. But the truth about Jane Clemens cannot be established by pouncing upon one incident in her life and making that the foundation for the whole structure. Van Wyck Brooks's conception of her as a Puritan is based on the fact that she made her son promise not to drink or play cards while he was on the river; but the exaction of such a promise was by no means unreasonable in a day when the Mississippi life was full of tragedies largely caused by gambling or drink. Moreover, she absolved him from the promise a few years later. As a matter of fact, she had no objection to card playing. Her granddaughter first learned to play cards when she went with her grandmother to visit at Hannibal.

Another reason for looking askance at Jane Clemens is her remark that her son was born to be hanged, or some such casual prediction. But she was always one to say what came to her tongue first, as he very well knew, and there is no reason to suppose that this is what induced Mark Twain to turn over a new leaf and become a leader in the reform element, along with Bryan and Anderson.

Van Wyck Brooks's mistake is that he has sketched a consistent character, never a true picture except in the case of fanatics who have only one idea and never get over it. Jane Clemens did not bother much about being consistent one way or the other, except when it came to her stern conviction that veal disagreed with her and hot bread did not. After eating a plateful of hot bread just out of the oven and loaded with butter, and finishing with a baked apple, she explained her subsequent indigestion by pointing out that baked apples never *did* agree with her. Another time veal was served to her in disguise, with no ill effects; but when the family incautiously mentioned the fact two days later she immediately took to her bed.

Mr. Brooks's portrait of Jane Clemens and its later copies all show her as a Puritan. As a matter of fact Mrs. Clemens never admitted having a Puritan ancestor; on the contrary she was very proud of her race. All her forebears and cousins were born south of the Mason and Dixon line and never heard of a Puritan. They had heard of

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Yankees, of course, occasionally referring to them in the current phrase "low down Yankee trick", which was even in heated moments used to describe some particularly unworthy act of a southerner, but they had never seen one.

As far as her religious convictions are concerned, Jane Clemens seems to have been unusually liberal for her day. Her granddaughter, who lived with her for twenty five years, both in St. Louis and Fredonia, and heard her mention about everything that was in her mind, does not remember that she ever referred to the retribution of a stern Calvinistic God, or similar subjects which current literature asserts lay so near to her heart. Indeed, the granddaughter does not remember that Mrs. Clemens went to church at all in St. Louis. Her impression is that she usually had the seat to herself, her own mother (Mrs. Clemens's daughter Pamela) being an invalid. But Mrs. Clemens went several times to the Jewish synagogue and took her granddaughter. In Fredonia she went to church now and then.

Of course if there was anything queer about a religion or theory Jane Clemens took a fancy to it at once, and followed it up, though not to the point of becoming a convert. Anything out of the common infatuated her, and the queerer the religion the greater her interest in it. She was fascinated by the St. Louis doctor who had not taken a bath for thirty years because he was afraid he would lose his magnetic force. She took the same interest in him that she would in an elephant, or any other queer beast. She was also intrigued by the healer who told her that her granddaughter had healing powers, and would call her granddaughter in to cure her headaches, to the annoyance of the granddaughter, who had no belief in her own gifts. In her early days she was always eager to try new medicines, and willing to experiment on the children to a limited extent. In her old age, at Fredonia, New York, when she felt a little unwell she would send for Dr. Brown, a strong believer in spiritualism. After accepting his homeopathic pills she would enjoy an hour's talk on his pet subject and get all the latest news from the spirit world. Yet she never became a spiritualist.

The granddaughter who does not remember Mrs. Clemens in church does remember that her grandmother took her to the circus in St. Louis and to all the parades, including the one in honor of the Prince of Wales. Jane Clemens adored parades and never missed one. A minor treat was going to the Broadway market. That was always made into an excursion, the French lady who lived next door and her children being in the party. Mrs. Clemens was a good mixer, and loved company. When the family heard her talking as she came along — she always spoke in a loud voice that could be heard some distance away — it meant that she was bringing someone home to dinner. There was no telling who it might be — perhaps someone she knew only casually — but one thing was certain, it was someone of a lively temperament. She had no use for people who bored her.

She was devoted to the theatre, though in her early days opportunities to go were limited, and she loved spectacles and gaiety of all kinds. Whenever anything was going on, she was there. In her youth she was a great horsewoman; riding parties were a feature of Kentucky life. Dancing she loved above everything, and even in her eighties she could hardly sit still when dance music was played. As a girl she was known as the best dancer in Kentucky. She and her sister Patsy,

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brought up in glorious freedom by an indulgent father, were local belles, secure on their thrones. Once when they refused to go to a dance because they were not suited with the swains sent to fetch them, the discarded ones were obliged to go back and summon two others to satisfy the capricious Lampton girls. "But Grandma," protested her granddaughter when she heard the story, "suppose they hadn't come and you'd missed the dance?" Even the suggestion of such a thing astonished Jane Clemens. "Why they couldn't have had a dance without *us!*" she explained.

She always kept something of that attitude. When, in St. Louis, she left the house holding a large bundle and her granddaughter protested, "Grandma, you're not going to carry that, are you?" she replied, "Why yes. Why shouldn't I?" and marched off in a stately way that suggested, "The queen can do no wrong." Although she is sometimes referred to as a little woman, she was really rather tall.

She was very lively and emotional, and would weep at the least provocation. She had no use for anything morbid. Asked if she would not like to go to a certain concert because there was going to be a very beautiful solo, she replied, "No, I don't like anything that's low and solemn." Jazz would have delighted her soul. It is true, she adored funerals, but she used to explain that by saying that if she didn't go to other people's funerals they wouldn't go to hers! Probably her interest in them was a hangover from the days of her early married life in rural Tennessee where there were few pleasures and a man's funeral was the chief social event of his life. In some cases it was the only time you heard good spoken of him. The procedure was somewhat unusual. When a man died he was buried promptly, but his funeral had to wait until there were enough corpses to make it worthwhile for the traveling minister to come around and perform the ceremonies. Then they would bunch together two or three funerals and make quite a showing, and the minister would speak feelingly of the several departed brothers and sisters. It sometimes happened that a man who had married again would be there mourning for his late wife.

Jane Clemens loved red, and wanted everything in her room red. She would have dressed entirely in red if she hadn't been dissuaded. There, perhaps, is the basis for a suppressed desire which Mr. Brooks might use to advantage. But on the other hand, when it came to her love of molasses candy her desires went unsuppressed, for she indulged that passion to the utmost. On general principles, anything she liked was good for her and anything she didn't like was bad for her; but she could figure out other reasons pretty convincingly.

She loved cats and was apt to have one on her lap. When someone said to her, "I believe you like cats better than children", she denied it indignantly, but explained that the advantage of a cat was that you could always put it down when you were tired of holding it.

She was very funny at times, but her humor was often entirely unconscious. When she was visiting in Kentucky in her later years she heard two men behind her in the train arguing about Mark Twain's birthplace, one insisting that he had been born in Tennessee, the other that it was Kentucky. Mrs. Clemens said to the man who was traveling with her, "Tell them he was born in Florida, Missouri." The man complied but it did not settle the discussion, one of the disputants insisting,

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"I'm sure you're mistaken. He was born in Kentucky." It was too much for Jane Clemens. Without the slightest intention of being humorous she turned around and said, "I'm his mother. I ought to know. I was there!"

A certain neighbor never got over the way she received the news of a local accident. When he had recounted how a man had been thrown from his horse and killed because a calf had run in his way, Jane Clemens asked with genuine interest, "What became of the calf?" She was not indifferent to the news of the young man's death. But she knew he was dead. That was settled.

She liked colored people immensely. When she went back to Hannibal on visits, many of them who remembered her would stop her on the street and call her "Miss Jane". On the boats, where she was well known, she was often called "Aunt Jane". Once the cook, a colored man, who had heard that Mrs. Clemens was on board and that she was from his own state of Kentucky, sent up a plea from some dark region that he wanted to see her but was not allowed upstairs. So Jane Clemens immediately went down to the depths and talked with him.

She was always ready to talk. Certain stories she would tell over and over again with great relish. In his Autobiography Mark Twain speaks of keeping from his mother the story of his dream foreshadowing his brother Henry's death. As a matter of fact that was one of her favorite stories, and she embroidered it considerably, usually insisting that her son had had the same dream three times in succession. Jane Clemens was a great embroiderer. She could have outdone Van Wyck Brooks in building up a complete story from a small incident. When she grew very old — she lived to be eighty seven — her embroidering instinct went unchecked and she told some remarkable tales. One was that her daughter Pamela had been stolen from her at the age of five by Indians. Since she had lived with her daughter virtually all her life there seems to have been slight foundation for this story.

She did not like housekeeping. She didn't believe in doing any disagreeable work if she could help it. "Never learn to do anything", she advised as she curled her granddaughter's hair, cutting out great gobs when it was tangled, for she always believed in going the shortest way round. "If you don't learn you'll always find someone else to do it for you." She was not one to go to unnecessary trouble, no matter how slight. Once, after writing to her son, she exclaimed in mild surprise, "See what I've done! I meant to say 'Kiss Susie for me' and I've written 'Kill Susie for me.' Oh well, Sam will know what I mean", and she sublimely let it go! The following answer came from Mark Twain before it even seemed possible that he had received the letter. "'Livy', I said, 'it's a hard thing to ask of a loving father, but mother is getting old, and her slightest wish must be obeyed.' So we called in Downey [the coachman] and I held the child with the tears streaming down my face while he sawed her head off." Jane Clemens was outraged, not by the news that her granddaughter had been dispatched, but by the *method* employed, and she kept repeating indignantly, "Sawed her head off! *Sawed* her head off!"

Mark Twain delighted in teasing his mother. He once sent her a letter carefully sealed and marked "Personal and Confidential". Mrs. Clemens refused even to open the letter when anyone was around, so she retired to her room very much excited. She came down a

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few minutes later, her eyes burning with indignation. The letter was in Chinese.

Once, in her early days, Mrs. Clemens learned to smoke a pipe because it was the style, but when she found that she didn't enjoy it she threw fashion to the winds and gave up this advanced form of flapperism. In politics she was very liberal, though she had absolutely no use for a Republican. In St. Louis her granddaughter was afraid of a certain house where "black Republicans" lived, and would walk on the curb when she passed it to avoid contagion. Mrs. Clemens loved the newspaper, and was impatient for the latest instalments of thrillers. Although she could see with only one eye, she would read the newspaper by firelight. She couldn't endure the Yankees, theoretically, but when she went to live among them she got along with them famously. She was extremely popular in Fredonia, where everything she did was considered all right, even if she occasionally mystified the neighbors by sticking to her southwestern habit of calling afternoon "evening". She was always easy to get along with, yet at times she did lay things up against people. She never forgave the revivalist at Fredonia who said the Kentuckians were the meanest people on earth. Despite the fact that she had no use for cooking or housework, she enjoyed embroidering and quilt making, and even shoe making in the days after the Civil War. When she was old she took pride in her beautiful caps of fine lace and lavender ribbons.

One New England trait Mrs. Clemens did have. In some respects she was unduly economical — not in any sense stingy, however — probably as a result of the experiences of her early married life. For a while she could never bring herself to use up new paper for letters when she could find perfectly good scraps here and there around the house. Consequently her letters drove Mark Twain wild, until he hit upon the plan of going her one better — or ten better. He wrote her a long letter on small scraps of paper of every shape and color, jumbled them into an envelope and sent them to his mother, who spent many indignant hours deciphering this Chinese puzzle. Another writing habit of hers which roused his ire was her custom of referring to people by their initials. He says in "The Jumping Frog": "So this is how it came that I mourned the death of Bill Kribben when I should have rejoiced over the dissolution of Ben Kenfuron. I failed to decipher the initials out correctly." Mrs. Clemens adopted this cautious habit during the Civil War when an indiscreet letter of a neighbor, involving many other people, fell into the hands of the federal forces, was published in the paper, and caused unfriendly feelings all round, as well as the confiscation of the letter writer's goods to raise money for the refugees.

Harvey O'Higgins's experience in writing detective stories has been a great help to him in his psychoanalytical study of Jane Clemens's character. In a detective story you start off with your crime and after a long chase fasten it with wonderful ingenuity on the least suspected person, the clues being overlooked by the average inexperienced reader. When Jane Clemens was living her associates never guessed that she was the chief villain in her son's life story. They entirely disregarded her most significant trait — her aversion to killing flies. It took the master mind of an alert detective story writer to see in this sinister characteristic "the peculiarity of a mind morbidly expiating a hidden cruelty".

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JOSEPH CONRAD

A Reminiscence

By Cecil Roberts

IT is to chance, despite the banal philosophy of the opportunists, that most of us owe our richest experiences, and it has certainly been to chance that, in my journeying up and down the face of the earth, I have owed the most cherished moments of contact with those rare beings who, dowered by providence, out of the stress of their own sensitive personalities in conflict with life give back to us an interpretation whose truth we can no better describe than as the divination of genius.

Of such men, preeminently, was Joseph Conrad. Our own happy contact was brief and fragmentary, but for some reason richly affectionate, almost in the nature of that perfect bond between master and disciple described by Plato in his "Republic". Looking back, I see the beginning of so rich and fortunate an experience in chance, unless mortal conceit permits one to think the divinity that shapes our ends was here working for mine.

One evening I sat in the pleasant studio of Alvin Langdon Coburn, which overlooks the river at Hammersmith Mall. I was examining the amazing gallery of notabilities created by his camera. A photograph of Joseph Conrad caused me to offer my tribute of admiration, whereupon a lady sitting obscurely in one corner of the studio began to talk as one of the scribes. She knew Joseph Conrad and spoke authoritatively. She was an American journalist, a kind creature whose name, I am ashamed to confess, I have now forgotten but whose kindness enriched my life, for with a dangerous generosity she promised that I should meet Conrad.

Promises of this nature fill me with doubts. In the first place, I question the good faith of the promises; secondly, I hesitate before lending myself to that selfish curiosity which causes us to crowd about a famous man, trading upon our own indebtedness to his genius as a claim to personal inspection. What possible interest would Joseph Conrad have in an obscure, ambitious young man, and in what observation of good taste could I lend myself to an intrusion which arose more from the generosity than the tact of my hostess? But human frailty assented to her design. She promised, I hoped.

A few weeks passed, and I had dismissed the promise as one of those pleasantries that pass with the tea cups, when I received a card to say that she was giving a house warming in her new flat off Bedford Square, to which Joseph Conrad might come. "And might not", I concluded, but accepted, since her kindness and her charm were sufficient rewards of themselves.

I found the flat, an attic story, on the fifth floor of one of those stiff fronted houses whose exteriors give no indication of their roominess within. But the accommodation was certainly crowded on that winter's afternoon of

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a dreary February in 1918. My hostess's daughter, two or three young actresses, and a couple of American university students, full of curiosity, packed the small cheerful room into which I was drawn through the hospitable aroma of toast making. We chatted and laughed, and my hostess said she hoped Mr. Conrad would come. We all hoped, but disguised the meanness of our spirit from the nervous anxiety of our hostess. Conrad the elusive, Conrad the recluse, was he to be captured and held in this attic box whose high windows looked on the yellow sunset glow of a fog-shrouded day? A knock, a cry of welcome, and the good soul felt delivered. The Master had arrived.

I watched him, furtively, from the bay of the window into which I was wedged. While recognition was easy and complete, since photographs had truly conveyed that head — like an inverted triangle with its long jaw, pointed beard, and semi-Mongolian eyes sunk beneath dark, defined eyebrows — I was surprised by the nature of the man. A master of seascapes, familiar with the moods of the Seven Seas and the stranger moods manning the ships upon those seas, a sea captain, an eye witness of strange happenings on the borderlands of civilization, he was wholly unmarked by experience, unchanged by environment. For this man of medium height and compact body, trimly attired in a double breasted blue serge suit, with reflective monocle swinging on a thin cord, was a figure of complete civilization. The Polish aristocrat and not the sea captain entered the room, as I had seen him, racially dominant while nationally disinherited, entering the drawing rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, driving in the Prater, or enjoying the sunset from the Pincio.

I accounted him then, in surmise, as I learned him to be in familiarity later, a prince among men. That is the testimony of all who knew him, a testimony which sprang neither from the glamor of fame nor the written evidence of genius, but simply and spontaneously from the regality of his mental and physical presence. As Muirhead Bone defined him, as truly by pen as by pencil, "Centuries may come and go before anyone so gifted, so strange, and such a charming human being as Joseph Conrad comes this way again."

I had yet to learn that charm, but the singularity was apparent at once. Half an hour elapsed before the movement in that flat found me standing and talking to Conrad. He told me afterward that I had rescued him — by a frontal attack with teacups and tea — from the wearisome catechism of an earnest but tactless young man bent on the dissection of genius, and in the same complaint I heard a protest against this exposure to an assembly.

I had no superiority in most respects over the guest I had dispossessed, but I steered my bark cautiously through the ruffled waters of a mind whose depth I had no means to fathom. Of his work, his achievement, it would have been presumption to speak; his own tireless, meticulous taskmaster, he knew well his triumphs and defeats. I spoke nothing of these, in question or tribute, but with an egotism irrepressible in youth and tolerable only in that period because it is inconsequent and spontaneous, I told him of some experiences, since I was fresh from visits to the Grand Fleet and the Dover Patrol. I had caught his interest at once. He told me the war had overwhelmed his power of expression, so that he had been unable to complete a series of articles on the mine

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sweepers which the Admiralty had sought him to do. "I write with difficulty, with agony, in this hour of indecision", he said. This inability, I saw later, was of the very essence of his genius. He was the alchemist, not the photographer, transmuting, not recording, observations to the fabric of a dream in which shape and substance were lost, from which potent suggestion and atmosphere arose. His human creatures, in love or anger, never sought words for expression. In that saga of a woman's heart, "The Rescue", the word "love" is never mentioned in its four hundred pages, despite the theme.

So we talked until both grew conscious that duty to a hostess was in danger of eclipse; but as we parted he expressed a wish that we should meet again and, to my surprise, named an evening for dinner at his flat. The manner of his expression was characteristic of his exquisite courtesy, his innate kindliness — if I was not too busy, if I should care, he said. Then he went, leaving me with a bounding heart, a sense of grateful, incredible wonder — if I was not too busy, if I should care! I saw my hostess was as baffled as I. The great god Chance is full of vagaries.

Before the momentous evening arrived, a note was delivered at my rooms. It was from Conrad. "I think it fair to warn you", he wrote, "that we will have on Sunday two dear ladies, great friends of ours, but who will certainly be in the way of the good talk I promised myself to have with you. My wife has just told me of these invitations. However, if you have the necessary courage, we will be delighted to see you at seven o'clock on Sunday next."

Dear ladies, or dreadful Amazons, they could not have deterred me. It was the custom of Conrad, who at that time was living at Orlestone, to make a yearly excursion to London. He had rented a furnished flat in Hyde Park Mansions, Marylebone Road, and it was there I arrived on this memorable Sunday evening. The party was a small one, but friendly and of a family nature, so that the sense of visiting was soon lost. Conrad himself had the rare art of conferring distinction on those with whom he spoke, his choice of words, his deferential air, dismissing any nervousness one might feel in stating an opinion. The two old ladies certainly did not spoil our evening, and for that they prevented our "good talk" I was subsequently grateful, when Conrad suggested another visit in a few days.

That first evening enabled me to see Conrad as he declared, in a memorable passage, he could never be seen, namely — "Conrad *en pantoufles*. It is a constitutional inability." That was true of the writer, but the man I then saw was certainly Conrad "with his boots off" in the bosom of his family. The loving admiration that sounded in every mention of his wife, his vigilant attendance upon her wants, the pride with which he confidentially assured me "Jessie" was a marvelous cook, the benediction that sounded in his voice as he pronounced this name of his wife, these revealed the personal Conrad, the Conrad for which you will search his books in vain, since no evidence or personal rumor of the man invades his prose or intimidates his style.

There were others, besides the two dear ladies, who were bent upon preventing a good talk between us, although the talk was good, bright, and lengthy as we gathered later in the little sitting room: the Germans were busy above us in the night sky, and a muf-

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fled roar from the St. Pancras district told us of the drama overhead. Afterward, when I had departed, I realized that while I had seen Conrad the man, he had as yet divulged no aspect of the novelist. Our talk had been of everything but books, of anything but Conrad. Later I might be rewarded, but I respected his reserve and the charm of his hospitality too deeply to intrude on this intimate domain of his inner life. But would he remember our reunion, or was I never to hear Conrad speak of what, in a life of such varied experience, came nearest to him, the passion for self expression?

A few days passed, and then another note: "Next Friday is our last in Town and it is Edward Garnett's evening. E. G. has done a lot for literature in the '90's and anyway is an interesting and worthy personality. If you would like to meet him come in about seven and we will have a three-cornered talk."

Mrs. Conrad once again sustained her reputation as hostess and cook, a rôle resulting later in a small volume of recipes in which a preface proclaimed the faith of one who had tested the recommendations. "Edward", as he was affectionately called, quizzical and quiet, listened more than spoke, ruminating over some point of discussion prior to my advent, which point proved afterward to be upon a new work in hand. Dinner finished, Mr. Garnett, with much fond shepherding, was helped to gather papers and apparel for his departure. Mrs. Conrad quietly disappeared, and we were alone in the dining room.

My mind faithfully preserves every detail of our long conversation, unblurred through the crowded interval of my life since then. The strange indelible quality of Conrad's personality was even more potent than I realized, and its potency was commingled with a singular diffidence, with a secret doubt that amounted at moments to a private agony of apprehension. I stumbled upon it by accident and I leaped into his heart by a chance expression.

Our talk had turned to the art of writing, and he questioned me closely upon my own experience regarding the speed of composition, the need of revision, the fluidity of ideas. He confessed he had never known the pleasure of writing, only the ardor that drove him to it, and that his progress was painful, a long wrestling with the spirit within. "Perhaps that is because I began late, when experience checked the singleness of youthful thought. I have never been fluent. Easy writing — and I do not say it cannot be good writing — is not possible to me. My success seems in proportion to my effort, to my striving. I feel that generalship has brought me whatever victories I may claim — if any."

I watched his face as he pronounced the last two words, with a sadness, a quiet resignation that surprised me.

"If any?" I repeated, the surprise in my voice.

He had risen and stood, one foot resting upon the fender, one hand adjusting the position of the black marble clock on the mantelpiece, his face looking into the fire.

"You may think I am childish, perhaps," he said, very slowly and quietly, so that I seemed to overhear his thoughts, "but I could be content if I could think something of mine, something however small, might endure a while. One has expressions of immortality — there are my boys — but one's writing is one's own immortality, if it can be achieved."

I expressed my surprise that he could doubt his own achievement. Could he

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not feel assured, I asked. Had he not realized that his recognition, no popular one in its beginning, was soundly based, that his work had an enduring quality by virtue not only of its singularity of treatment but also because it appealed neither through sensation nor cleverness?

"My dear young man — if I could think that . . . " he answered, and then, fixing his eyes steadily upon me as I sat there on the opposite side of the fireplace, "In what book do you feel I have done this?"

"'Nostromo' undoubtedly", I said, without hesitation.

There was a silence, during which he looked again into the fire, and I quietly observed him, the fine tenuous hand, the long Slavonic head. His hair was straight and dark, with a greying trimmed beard and thin mustache. The droop of the lids over the eyes gave him an imperious expression, and the skin, lightly furrowed with lines that marked the impress of nervous tension and high sensibility, had a yellow tinge which is the legacy of those who have braved the tropic suns. In this face its coloring may also have taken something from the fever that attacked him in the Congo and which, one felt, had reduced the strength of a highly strung but resilient constitution. There were moments when he bore a similarity of type, though not of detail, to his friend R. B. Cunninghame Graham, or "Count Roberto" as he called him, but he had not the dash nor the suggestion of the dandy which characterizes Graham. The deep steady eyes, with their direct look, impersonal withal as a bird's eyes, so that you learned nothing of him while he seemed to learn all about you, the extraordinary length of the jaw from ear to chin, fine and emphasized by the high cheek bones, so that with his tight parchment skin he had a forceful resemblance to the mummied head of a Ptolemy — all these combined to give his appearance, added to a princely bearing in manner and deportment, a distinction that marked him as one apart, yet gave no clue to the *mêtier* of his distinction.

Observing him in this ensuing silence, I saw a change, a softening in the eyes, a less acute air in his manner. He turned toward me, murmuring, half to himself:

"My poor 'Nostromo' — you think that? My dear young man, you have touched me as you cannot realize. Why did you say 'Nostromo' of all my books? Tell me."

I told him and he listened carefully, so that I found myself embarking upon an analysis of Conrad that left me amazed at my audacity when I had finished.

"Listen," he said, "you shall know a secret, if it interests you, which I could not have told to you except for those words of yours. 'Nostromo' is my best book, it is more Conrad than anything I have written, that is, in the sense that it embarks on my greatest imaginative adventure, and that it involved the severest struggle. No work cost me so much, and, achieved, gave me such satisfaction. I stand by 'Nostromo', out of the frailty of flesh, hoping it may last a while for a memorial. And yet it did not succeed with the public. They will not have my poor 'Nostromo'. They prefer 'Lord Jim'."

He said this sadly, not bitterly, but henceforth I was conscious that my opinion had stirred him, and when I left the house I wondered upon the uncertainty of human ambition. Conrad, in the world's eyes preeminent, successful, reaping already the homage and attendant signs of tribute that

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presage immortality, seeking assurance of and comforted by the opinion of an obscure young man. That my unguided selection of "Nostromo" had touched him I knew, by the closing incident of that meeting. As I was about to leave, in the early hours of the morning, he asked me to wait in the hall a moment, and, returning, bore in his hand a book which he placed in mine, extracting at the same time a promise that I should reciprocate the gift with a book of poems I had just published. That was the *beau geste* of the Master. His own volume — it was a copy of "Nostromo" — bore a prized inscription. A few days later I fulfilled my promise, with diffidence. Never again shall I exchange such dross for gold.

My travels interrupted our friendship, but somehow he kept watch from his country retreat, and a surprising and generous vigilance it was. The first performance of a play brought a warm worded telegram, the publication of a novel a heartening welcome from a marshal to a recruit. For my part I watched the gallant fight he was making, crippled with gout, assailed with domestic illnesses. His letters betrayed signs of that hidden battle against the inveterate foe. Sometimes they were written in a bold, scrawling hand, whose enlarged letters had a painful line; sometimes they were typewritten, courtesy forbidding him to open or close them without a few autographic words; and sometimes they were a mixture of typescript and autograph. "I give up this written supplement. My wrist aches and aches", he adds, in a footnote, and "A gouty wrist prevents me writing more than a line or two at a time. Hence this typescript for which I apologise." He fought, latterly, for expression in more senses than one.

To the end he was master of his craft, as befitted a skilled seaman. There was no diminution of quality in that slow but steady output of the last years. "The Rover" is as worthy as "Almayer's Folly", as conscientious and skilful as any in the gallery of his books. Conrad's death at 67 in that respect was a tragedy, for the mind showed no weakening in sympathy with the body. His closing years of labor were marked with unsparing self examination, he was jealous and critical of age and accorded it no privilege or right of lowered performance. When "The Rescue" was appearing serially in 1919 he showed, as Henry James with "Roderick Hudson", a calm courage which permitted him to release the opening of an unfinished story. Some comments of mine brought a confession and a revelation.

> . . . those pages of mine of which you speak have been written a long time ago. A very long time ago. This book was begun really before I knew my business. But I knew enough to feel this and to lay it aside. It was taken up from time to time till I felt that the time had come to finish it. What had been written has been severely revised and pruned; but I think that the storm-description is still too long; and it appears unfortunately still longer because, as it happens, it fills the whole instalment. However, you like it, and it is not for me to argue against an opinion that gives me so much pleasure.

I had ventured, after reading an instalment of this story, to express the opinion that phrases which served to date it as a work written during the war, and containing, therefore, comparative allusions, such as Lingard's reminiscence: "It will be a long time before these seas are as safe as the English Channel is in peace time", would jeopardize its permanent character. The charge brought back a vigorous denial of any reference to the incidents of the day; perhaps my own recent experience with the Channel

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and the Dover Patrol had created an obsession in this regard which Conrad was perfectly justified in challenging.

I must confess that I am surprised you should imagine that the "English Channel in peace time" phrase is in any way an allusion to the present war. The English Channel has known war for centuries, and has seen less of this war than of any other in English history. Great fleet actions have been fought in the Channel, off Sluis, off Beachy Head, off La Hogue, in the Soundings. In Napoleonic times the Channel was stuck full of line of battle ships; whereas in this war if there had been three of them seen there altogether that would be about the most. The phrase is natural in the mouth of a man whose father was a master's mate at the battle of Narvarino. The time of "The Rescue" is fixed precisely by Lingard's allusion to the war in China, when the "French helped", 1859–60. Further on you may find passages that I beg you to believe have nothing to do with the present time. My dear Sir, the sentiments, the opinions, the phrases, the emotions, and the very catch-words of our time are as old as the hills. The voices of today are but the echoes of dead voices that were moved by the same thoughts, the same doubts, the same anguish and the same passions from which we suffer today. You may just as well reproach me for dragging in the Trojan war. It's there, you know. That ass Shaw gives his view of it rather fully.

Another passage in the letter indicates that at the time he thought he was saying farewell to his public:

Yes. I am not myself without some anxiety as to keeping up at the same pitch. I have thrown into that tale, as into a desperate fight, all that I am, all that I have, in the way of romantic vision, expression and feeling. *That* is the artistic aim of the story. I am telling you this but you need not communicate it to the world at large. Treat it as what it is — a confidence. Years hence when I am no longer amongst you, young men who think of me so kindly, and the subject happens to turn up in a reminiscent conversation (everything is possible), you will be able to speak with authority. "Yes, Conrad wrote to me about it before the story was actually finished." For it is not quite finished yet. And this is also a confidence. Only a few friends know and by this confidence you are enlisted into their ranks.

Well, the desperate fight was finished, triumphantly, and "the years hence" bringing finality and death have passed. It is a great memory to know that I was among those "young men who think of me so kindly" — probably more numerous than he knew, such was the compelling power of his work for those who sought to follow after so great a master of his craft. His was no self centred nature, no selfish triumph. Deeply conscious of the heights to which he pressed untiringly, he turned an eager ear to all criticism. I brought to him no fluent adulation, and suggestions he might well have resented from so unauthoritative a source were treated with courteous gravity.

And in the lesser things of life he was no less a prince among men. From his seclusion he somehow kept an eye and ear for the works of his obscurest friends. A performance of a play, a new novel, a book of poems — there was a letter, an inquiry, a commendation, and often with it a further revelation of Conrad. A newspaper article prompted him to break a silence —

Your R.A.F. paper is very good — but I don't think the age is so very wondrous unless perhaps in spots, like the curate's eggs. Otherwise humanity is at its old game, the same old game from the beginning of ages and I really believe that the invention of the bow and arrows was a much more wonderful feat than the mere invention of flying machines — when you dispassionately think of it. But the young men are all right.

Such, in brief, was the man that happy chance enabled me to meet and love. The world has the measure of the writer in his written legacy, but it was much to have found in personal contact how erroneous is the cynical belief that a man may be less than his work, smaller than the heroic size of his monument. With Joseph Conrad this was not so.

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THE COLLEGE READING OF FAMOUS MEN

As Illustrated by a Hundred Years' Experience in Brown University

By Harry Lyman Koopman

WHAT is the relation of a student's voluntary reading to his after achievement? Is it direct and obvious, or rather felt than traceable? Does it forecast a definite career? Does it supply elements that contribute to success? Does it show any uniformity? Our older college libraries are now in their second or even third centuries. What do their records show of their influence on mind and character during this long period? Only a careful investigation on a large scale would yield conclusive answers, but the reading of twenty famous men in the course of a century at one of our New England colleges cannot fail to be suggestive.

The library records of Brown University begin in 1787 and extend with a few breaks to 1895. They were originally kept in folio volumes, in which the librarian entered the title of the book borrowed and the student signed for it on the same line in the margin. The records therefore contain an interesting series of autographs. In 1895 a change in the charging system was made for the sake of convenience, and the permanence of the record ceased. It should be borne in mind that the size of the college library during this period of a century was slowly increasing from about one thousand volumes to something over eighty thousand. The choice during the early period was even more limited in scope than in numbers, theology crowding out most other subjects. But Providence and its neighborhood contained, even in the eighteenth century, many books in private hands, and the Providence Library Company, later the Athenæum, had since 1753 placed at the disposal of its stockholders a home library of high character and increasing resources. The existence of private libraries, especially for boys living in Providence, must not be overlooked; but some of those who borrowed most from the college library, like Henry Wheaton, lived at home. Until well on into the nineteenth century browsing was limited, owing to the library's short hours of opening. This condition was, however, somewhat relieved by the presence of two society libraries, which usefully supplemented the college library and were more accessible to their members. The absence of light reading from the lists is easily explained by its absence from the library shelves.

I have tried to find out how far the books taken out were for required reading. My oldest informant began to draw books from the college library seventy four years ago. From his testimony I gather that the solid reading done may have been stimulated by the professors, but not much was required. Down to the end of the period the need of material for essays appears to have been the chief cause, beyond the student's own intellectual interest, that prompted him to borrow books from the library; and this did not exclude interest. The fact that Tristam Burges could lead his class on a basis of so little reading seems to bar out required

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reading to any extent in the early period. Burges's scanty reading probably indicates that his spare hours were taken up by self support; and this condition holds down to the present day. Other students, ambitious, but poorly fitted, gave then as now a disproportionate time to classroom preparation. On the other hand, what prehensile-mindedness their reading shows in boys like Wheaton, Cox, Wheeler, Faunce, and Hughes! It is only fair to say that other students, who never became distinguished, were all the while taking out books of the same general sort as those here listed. In fact, these lists are only a fair cross section of the records.

The date after each man's name indicates the year of his graduation. The books borrowed are cited in the order in which they were taken out, and the four college years are distinguished by numbers.

TRISTAM BURGES, 1796

The most distinguished man in the first twenty two classes graduated from Brown University — lawyer, professor of oratory at Brown, and for ten years Representative from Rhode Island, the wielder of the most deadly invective ever heard in the halls of Congress. Burges was obliged to work for his father until he was of age. He fitted for college in two years, and completed his college course in three. The college library of his day numbered about two thousand volumes.

1. Rollin's *Ancient History;* Hume's *England;* Shakespeare.
2. Hume's *England;* Blair's *Sermons;* Robinson's *Greece; Spectator;* Montesquieu; Blackstone; *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences;* Kaimes's *History of Man;* Otway.
3. *Spectator;* Kaimes's *History of Man;* Marana's *Turkish Spy;* Helvetius on *Man.*

In quality surely no bad outfit for a future statesman, if well read and digested, as the books appear to have been, for sets like Hume's *England* were taken out, volume after volume, until the whole had been read.

HENRY WHEATON, 1802

United States Supreme Court reporter, minister to Prussia, author of *The Elements* and *The History of International Law.* He was not quite thirteen when he entered college. The library record for his junior and senior years is lacking.

1. Gibbon on *The Study of Literature;* Priestley on *History and General Policy; Modern Universal History;* Josephus; *English Reviews,* eight volumes; Plutarch's *Lives;* Cook's *Voyage;* Sully's *Memoirs; Hints on Education;* Temple's *Works;* Addison; De Retz's *Memoirs; Spectator;* Cicero's *Opera;* Cicero's *Letters;* Pope's *Works;* Priestley on *Education;* Pope's *Iliad;* Webster on *The English Language;* Anderson's *History of France;* Watson's *Chemical Essays;* Robertson's *Charles V;* Junius; Shaw's *Chemistry;* Vertot's *Revolutions in Sweden;* Middleton's *Geography.*
2. Middleton's *Geography; Life of President Stiles;* Harris on *The Use of Globes;* Byrom's *Short-hand; Encyclopædia,* volumes one and six; Kaimes's *Art of Thinking;* Gordon's *Tacitus;* Harte's *Gustavus Adolphus; Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,* volume one; Lee's *Introduction to Botany; Body of Arts,* volume one; Watson's *Chemical Essays; Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society,* volume eight; Needham on *The Microscope;* Berkenhout's *Botanical Lexicon;* Rollin's *Belles Lettres;* Bradley's *Agriculture;* Vaillant's *Travels in Africa;* Goldsmith's *Animated Nature; Kitchen and Fruit Garden;* Shaw's *Travels in Barbary and the Levant;* Fothergill's *Works.*

Wheaton's portrait in his maturity presents one of the noblest and most exalted American faces, that of the man to whom this boy was the intellectual father.

HORACE MANN, 1819

Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, editor of *The Common School Journal,* reformer in educational and other fields. He entered college at twenty and was graduated in three years.

1. Hume's *History of England; Life of Mahomet; French Revolution.*
2. Buchanan's *Christian Researches;* Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia;* Pope's *Works:* Reid's *Works.*
3. Gray's *Poems; Beauties of Shakespeare;* Curran's *Speeches;* Plutarch's *Lives;* Alison on *Taste;* Smith's *Wealth of Nations;* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets;* Shakespeare; *The Adventurer;* Campbell on *Miracles.*

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Strong meat, but little of it to nourish the man who for more than ten years was the storm centre of American educational controversy, and still ranks as our greatest public school reformer.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE, 1821

Volunteer in the Greek Revolution and its historian, superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, educator of Laura Bridgman, reformer. Entered college at sixteen.

1. Bartram's *Travels in Carolina*, etc.; *View of the Inquisition; History of Vermont;* Martin's *History of England;* Scott's *Works;* Cook's *Voyage;* Plutarch's *Lives;* Franklin on *Electricity;* Smith's *Wealth of Nations;* Adams on *Natural Philosophy.*
2. No books were charged to Howe during his sophomore year, probably on account of his rustication for college pranks.
3. Nicholson's *Journal of Natural Philosophy;* Burke's *Works.*
4. Blair's *Chronology;* Turton's *Linnæus.*

Howe's nature was characterized by explosive energy, which interfered with his studies and even his presence at college. The list hardly forecasts the Greek revolutionary or the later "Cadmus of the Blind".

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE, 1823

Editor of the Louisville *Journal* for forty years, biographer of Henry Clay, paragrapher, wit. He entered college at seventeen.

1. Newton's *Discoveries;* Scott's *Bible.*
2. Sherlock on *Death; Koran;* Priestley on *Electricity;* Watts on *The Mind.*
3. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets; Treatise on Human Nature;* Blair's *Sermons;* Priestley against Reid; Tillotson's *Works;* Euler's *Differential Calculus;* Temple's *Works;* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets; Collection of Political Poems; The Library; Treatise on Human Nature; Sermons to Asses; Friar Gerund; Universal Restoration.*
4. Clarke's *Sermons;* Atterbury's *Sermons; Collection of Political Poems; Discourse on Liberty;* Beattie's *Essay on Truth;* Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary.*

Politics and political satire peep out through this list, but it would have been a clairvoyant who could have picked out in advance the threads that were leading this Connecticut youth to Kentucky journalism and *Prenticeana.*

BARNAS SEARS, 1825

President of the Newton Theological Institution, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, president of Brown University, editor of *Roget's Thesaurus,* and, as general agent of the Peabody Education Fund, creator of the modern public education system of the south. He entered college at seventeen.

1. *Koran; Modern Europe;* Allen's *Biographical Dictionary; Heathen Philosophy; Commentary on the Scriptures.*
2. Akenside's *Poems; Quarterly Review,* volumes 1–2; Pinkerton's *Geography; Commentary on the Scriptures;* Cicero's *Letters; Edinburgh Review;* Lowth on *Isaiah.*
3. Trumbull on *Education;* Johnson's *Works; Modern Europe;* Beattie's *Works.*
4. Robinson's *Charles V;* Thucydides; Puffendorf's *Law of Nature and of Nations; Edinburgh Review;* Gray's *Key to the Old Testament; British Synonomy;* Lowman's *Hebrew Worship.*

What can be said of such a list except that the reader had a strong and solid intellect that, with opportunity, would carry him far in public service? How far it carried him his countrymen have largely forgotten, but his greatest work, still going on, bears living witness.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, 1846

Representative in Congress from Ohio, minister to Turkey, humorist. Entered college late in the sophomore year at eighteen.

2. Goldsmith's *Works;* Charles Phillips's *Speeches; Edinburgh Review;* Channing's *Works;* Milton; Johnson's *Works; North American Review; Biblical Repository.*
3. Macaulay's *Essays; Democratic Review;* Kent's *Commentaries on American Law; Edinburgh Review; Early English Writers;* Woodfall's *Junius; Westminster Review;* Lamb's *Works;* Brougham's *Statesmen; Blackwood's Magazine;* Sheridan's *Elocution; Niles's Register;* Montesquieu; Hazlitt's *English Poets;* Malden on *Universities;* Guizot's *Civilization;* Croly's *Burke;* Hallam's *Literature;* Hume's *Works; Rejected Addresses;* Bancroft's *History; Memoir of Burges; Oxford Prize Essays.*
4. Pascal's *Works;* Sewell on *Plato;* Grotius on *War and Peace;* Hume's *History of England; Oxford Prize Essays;* Sidney on *Government;* Beattie on *Truth;* Heeren's *Politics of Ancient Greece; Edinburgh Review;* Loskiel's *Missions of the United Brethren;* Burke's *Orations; Specimens of Foreign*

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Standard Literature; American Library of Useful Knowledge; Johnson's *Works; Famous Literary and Scientific Men;* Grahame's *United States;* Bancroft's *United States;* Fox's *History of the Reign of James II; Literary Men of France;* Rimius's *Hernhutters; London and its Environs;* Franklin's *Works;* Milton; Berkeley's *Works;* Kent's *Commentaries;* Browne's *Philosophy;* Sparks's *Washington;* Alison's *Europe;* Brougham's *Speeches;* Beaumont and Fletcher; Milton's *Prose;* Smith's *Wealth of Nations; North American Review;* D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* and *Miscellanies of Literature;* Wheaton's *International Law; Random Recollections of the House of Commons;* Scott's *History of Scotland;* Webster's *Speeches;* Everett's *Orations; Plain Speaker; Philosophical Theories and Experience; Democratic Review;* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy; London and Westminster Review;* Hume's *Philosophical Essays; Lives of the Chancellors.*

How the musty old library must have enjoyed the presence of this fresh faced western youth! The books on their shelves must have cried, like Davy Crockett's squirrels, "Don't shoot, we'll come down!" The college librarian then was Charles Coffin Jewett, afterward of the Smithsonian Institution and later the first superintendent of the Boston Public Library, the originator of the system of distribution of catalogue cards carried out many years later by the Library of Congress. What a pure joy he must have taken in serving this eager devotee of learning!

JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, 1849

Professor of modern languages in Brown, Civil War editor of the Providence *Journal*, president of the University of Vermont and of the University of Michigan, minister to China and to Turkey. He entered college at sixteen.

1. Alison's *Europe;* Milton; Macaulay's *Essays;* Prescott's *Mexico;* Scott's *Peveril of the Peak;* Thirlwall's *History of Greece;* Dumesnil's *Latin Synonyms.*

2. Macaulay's *Miscellanies;* Scott's *Prose Works;* Becker's *Charicles;* Swift's *Works; Rome and its Environs;* Legaré's *Writings; Christian Examiner; Literary and Scientific Men of France; Scriptores Latini; Edinburgh Review;* Gibbon's *Rome.*

3. Macaulay's *Miscellanies;* Channing's *Works;* Shakespeare; *Eclectic Museum; Encyclopædia Metropolitana, History and Biography.* The record is here interrupted for the rest of Angell's course.

A baffling record, creditable, but hardly prophetic of the great career to which it was introductory.

JAMES DE MILLE, 1854

Professor of classics in Acadia College and of history and rhetoric in Dalhousie College, author of *The Dodge Club* and other novels, also of boys' books, humorist. He entered late in his sophomore year at the age of fifteen.

2. Irving's *Columbus;* Stephens's *Central America* and *Yucatan;* Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* and *Knickerbocker;* Wycherley's *Dramatic Works;* Swift's *Works.*

3. Irving's *Works;* Forbes's *Five Years in China;* Maundeville's *Travels;* Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe;* Boccaccio's *Opere;* D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature;* Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell;* Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads;* Jeffrey's *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review; La Monaca di Monza;* More's *Works;* Bjœrnstjerna's *Theogony of the Hindoos;* Longfellow's *Poems;* Sismondi's *Literature of Europe;* Prescott's *Peru.*

4. Locke's *Essays;* Stewart's *Philosophy;* Bjœrnstjerna's *Theogony of the Hindoos; Christian Review;* Martin's *Nova Scotia.*

De Mille was engaged in writing for periodicals even while in college. This may account for the brevity of his list. He was a genuine scholar, and his interest in literature appears in the quotations and comments in his readable *Elements of Rhetoric*, one of his latest books.

AUGUSTUS OSBORNE BOURN, 1855

Governor of Rhode Island, American Consul General at Rome, rubber manufacturer until his death this year. He entered college at the age of seventeen. He took out his first book from the college library in 1851.

1. *Court and Times of Charles I;* Norman's *Rambles in Yucatan;* Dowling's *Romanism;* Thier's *French Revolution;* Mitford's *Greece; New Mexico and California;* Achilli's *Inquisition;* Shakespeare; Prescott's *Peru;* Livius, ed. Drakenborch; Plutarch; *Biblical Repository;* Grote's *Greece;* Arnold's *Rome;* Geoffrey of Monmouth; *Edinburgh Review;* Martineau's *Eastern Life;* Simson's *Euclid.*

2. Dibson's *Circassia;* Irving's *Works;* Shakespeare; *Christian Review;* Ware's *Zenobia;* Grote's *Greece;* Hesiod's *Works and*

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Days; Cooke's *Hesiod;* Eschenburg's *Manual;* Walsh; *British Poets,* volume forty; Pope's *Iliad;* Taylor's *Jesuitism;* De Foe's *Works;* Murray's *Hand-book — Continent;* Béranger; Heeren's *Politics of Ancient Greece;* Grahame's *United States; North American Review.*

3. Cousin's *Psychology; Reid* by Walker; Gmelin's *Hand-book of Chemistry;* Lardner's *Electricity;* Bicknell's *Alfred the Great; Biblical Repository; Christian Review;* Berzelius's *Chemistry; Laws of Rhode Island.*

4. Whewell's *Inductive Sciences;* Murphy's *Mahometan Empire;* Shaw's *Chemistry;* Ure's *Dictionary of Chemistry;* Gmelin's *Chemistry;* Berzelius's *Chemistry;* Liebig and Kopp's *Progress of Chemistry; Revue Scientifique; The Chemist; Le Technologiste.*

This list presents one absorbing interest, history, yielding finally to another, chemistry.

RICHARD OLNEY, 1856

Lawyer, United States Attorney General, Secretary of State. He entered college at sixteen.

1. Hale's *History of the United States;* Fénelon's *Lives of Ancient Philosophers;* Arnold's *Rome; Historical Miscellany.*

2. Scott's *Waverley; Family Library; British Military Commands;* Grote's *Greece; Eclectic Museum; North American Review;* Swift's *Works; Oxford Prize Essays;* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England;* Macaulay's *Miscellanies;* Gibbon's *Rome; Presidents' Messages; Democratic Review; Philological Proofs of the Unity of the Human Race;* Jay's *Mexican War;* Bell's *Anatomy; Errors of Phrenology;* Hume's *Essays;* Hume's *Works;* Sterne's *Works.*

3. *Spectator;* Prior's *Memoir of Burke;* Webster's *Speeches;* Bacon's *Novum Organum;* Enfield's *History of Philosophy; Slave Trade;* Fielding's *Works;* Erskine's *Speeches;* Burke's *Works;* Beaumont and Fletcher; *Blackwood's Magazine;* Brougham on *The English Constitution;* Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

4. Locke's *Works;* Reid's *Works;* Stewart's *Works;* Hallam's *Middle Ages;* Gibbon's *Rome; North British Review; Annals of Phrenology;* Cousin's *Psychology; New York Review;* Hallam's *Middle Ages;* Dunham's *Middle Ages;* D'Aubigné's *Reformation;* Hume's *History of England;* Jones's *Free Suffrage;* Macaulay's *Miscellanies;* Goethe, Schiller, etc.; Carte's *History of England;* Hildreth's *United States;* Bancroft's *United States;* Sheridan on *Elocution;* Wordsworth; Neander's *Church History;* Thacher's *Military Journal;* Marshall's *Washington;* Schlegel's *Philosophy of Life;* Scott's *Black Dwarf;* Pope's *Works;* Kent's *Commentaries;* Akenside's *Poems.*

Apparently not a dietary planned with reference to future needs so much as a bill of fare chosen in response to the reader's appetite; yet not a bad regimen for a future secretary of state.

JOHN HAY, 1858

Poet, novelist, historian, journalist, ambassador to England, Secretary of State. He entered college as a sophomore at the age of seventeen.

2. *Beowulf;* Spenser's *Poems;* Beaumont and Fletcher; James's *Charlemagne;* Hallam's *Middle Ages; American Eclectic;* Percy's *Reliques;* Chaucer; Warton's *History of English Poetry; British Poets;* Thierry's *Norman Conquest; Foreign Quarterly Review;* Turner's *Anglo-Saxons; North British Review; Westminster Review;* Turner's *History of England;* Words worth; Layard's *Nineveh.*

3. *Foreign Quarterly Review;* Uhland's *Gedichte; North American Review; Blackwood's Magazine;* Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe;* Roscoe's *German Novelists;* Goethe, Schiller, etc.; Lewes's *Life of Goethe.*

4. Béranger; *Democratic Review; Fraser's Magazine; North American Review;* Bowden's *Life of Gregory VII;* Michaud's *Crusades;* Neander's *Church History;* Lessing's *Schriften;* Guizot's *English Revolution;* Pepys's *Memoirs;* Jesse's *Pretenders.*

A list in which we can see foreshadowings of its reader's various intellectual interests that were to be dominant in his life. There is another item of John Hay's reading that deserves to be recorded. The daughter of his boarding mistress told me that whenever he had to wait for a meal, he would open the unabridged dictionary and read it diligently till the bell rang.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS KEEN, 1859

Surgeon, professor of surgery in Jefferson Medical College, author of a standard work on surgery and of many other writings in the field of surgery and medicine. He entered college at the age of eighteen.

1. Jones's *History of the Church;* Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History; Christian Review; Quarterly Review;* Hickey on *The Constitution;* Bowden's *Gregory VII;* Schoe-

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mann on *Assemblies of the Athenians;* Webster's *Speeches.*

2. Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare; Eclectic Magazine;* Bacon's *Essays; Eclectic Review;* Thirlwall's *Greece;* Scott's *Heart of Midlothian;* Uhland's *Gedichte; Christian Examiner; New York Review; British Poets; Shakespere's Dramatic Art;* Chatterton's *Poems;* Campbell's *British Poets;* Chace on *The Relation of Divine Providence to Physical Laws.*

3. *Blackwood's Magazine;* Maury's *Physical Geography; Eclectic Magazine;* Spenser's *Works; British Poets;* Dunlop's *History of English Fiction;* More's *Utopia; British Statesmen; Westminster Review; Foreign Quarterly Review;* Wordsworth; Hawkins and Burney's *History of Music; Democratic Review; North American Review; Christian Review;* Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare; Retrospective Review; Quarterly Review; History of Switzerland;* Moore's *View of Society and Manners in France; Classical Museum;* Becker's *Gallus; Early English Writers; Lives of Englishmen.*

4. Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of England; Phi Beta Kappa Discourses; Christian Examiner;* Steele on *Old Age;* Alison's *History of Europe;* Pope's *Poems;* Pope's *Homer's Iliad.*

No book in this list bespeaks the future writer on surgery; but who will say that the great surgeon, still vigorous at eighty eight, would have won the same success without the mental equipment of this reading?

ROBERT HENRY THURSTON, 1859

Engineer, professor of mechanical engineering in the Stevens Institute of Technology and in Cornell University, voluminous writer on engineering. He was graduated after a three years' course, having entered at seventeen.

1. Pope's *Iliad;* Walton's *Angler;* Irving's *Bracebridge Hall, Mahomet, Astoria, Columbus, Crayon Miscellany,* and *Washington;* Fénelon; Silliman's *Journal;* Thomson's *Heat and Electricity;* Lamartine's *Girondists;* Pope's *Odyssey;* Hugo's *Notre Dame;* Lyall's *Geology;* Ritson's *Fairy Tales;* Layard's *Babylon;* La Fontaine's *Fables;* Godwin's *Necromancers;* Combe's *Phrenology; Annals of Phrenology;* Racine's *Works;* Lander's *Niger;* Swainson's *Geography and Classification of Animals; American Biblical Repository;* Le Sage's *Gil Blas; Gentleman's Magazine;* Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind;* Béranger; Law's *Civil Engineering;* Villemain's *Moyen Age;* La Harpe's *Cours de Littérature;* Jay's *Mexican War;* Creasy's *Decisive Battles;* Carlyle's *Frederick the Great;* Montaigne; Park's *Life and Travels;* Parkyns's *Abyssinia; Naturalist's Companion;* Pambour's *Locomotive Engines;* Gordon's *Railway Economy;* Chorley's *Music and Manners, France and Germany;* Pyne's *Perspective.*

2. Châteaubriand; Heather on *Mathematical Instruments;* Simms's *Levelling;* Cervantes's *Don Quixote;* Hood's *Poems; Blackwood's Magazine;* Sand's *Indiana;* Pardoe's *Louis XIV;* Hugo's *Notre Dame;* Xavier de Maistre; Béranger; Schiller; Scott's *Novels,* fifteen volumes; Irving; *Nibelungen Lied;* Cowell's *Spirit of '76 in Rhode Island;* Roscoe's *German Novelists;* Livingstone's *Africa; Eclectic Magazine;* Carlyle's *Burns;* Gregory's *Mathematics for Practical Men;* Macaulay's *England.*

3. Freiligrath; Scott's *Waverley Novels,* two volumes; *Germany and the Germans; Quarterly Review; North American Review; London Quarterly Review; Blackwood's Magazine;* Macaulay's *Miscellanies; American Eclectic;* Smiles's *Life of George Stephenson;* Gray's *Poems;* Swift's *Works; Monthly Review;* Guizot's *Shakespeare and his Times;* Renwick on *The Steam Engine; Fraser's Magazine;* Carlyle's *Life of Schiller;* Williams's *Pelagian Heresy;* Chaucer; Llorente's *Inquisition;* Béranger; *Westminster Review;* Jackson's *Geology of Rhode Island; Songs of the American Revolution;* Bartlett on *Optics;* Scott's *Poetical Works; Italy in 1848; Napoleonic Ideas; Encyclopædia Metropolitana;* Murray's *Guide to North Germany, to France.*

The kingdom of learning suffereth violence and the violent take it by storm. Professor Thurston might have been as great an engineer without this reading in college, but he never would have been the standard and favorite writer on engineering that he became.

ELMER LAWRENCE CORTHELL, 1867

Engineer, associate of James B. Eads in constructing the Mississippi jetties, head of important river and harbor engineering works in North and South America, writer on engineering topics. He entered college in 1859 at the age of nineteen. He served in the army, 1861–5, and then completed his college course.

1. Arnold's *Rome; Life of Judson* by Wayland; Hemans's *Poems;* Grote's *Greece; Dante* by Carey; Burns; Shakespeare; Cowper; Combe on *Health;* Prescott's *Mexico;* Macaulay's *Miscellanies;* Spurzheim on *Insanity;* Conybeare and Howson's

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Life of St. Paul; Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella.*

2. Macaulay's *Miscellanies;* Irving's *Works;* Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature; Rudimentary Architecture;* Motley's *Dutch Republic;* Montgomery's *Poems;* Williams's *Missionary Enterprises;* Macaulay's *England.*

3 (a half year). Thackeray's *English Humorists;* Scott's *Poetical Works; Bibliotheca Sacra;* D'Israeli's *Amenities of Literature;* Addison; Parnell's *Poems;* Chaucer; Bishop Hall's *Works; Recreations of a Country Parson;* Fuller's *Worthies;* Jeremy Taylor; Emmons's *Works;* Newman's *Sermons.*

4. Neander's *Church History; Benedict and the Benedictines;* Jamieson's *Sacred and Legendary Art;* Rawlinson's *Evidence of Scripture Records;* Bulwer's *Last of the Barons;* Browning's *Poems;* Rougemont's *Christ et ses Témoins.*

One would hardly guess that the reader of this list immediately on graduation entered an engineering office and so began one of the most famous engineering careers led by an American. He had originally intended to enter the ministry, and his college reading to the very end reflects this interest.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, 1875

Philologist, professor in Cornell, president of the University of California, now president emeritus and professor of comparative philology, author of a history of Alexander the Great. He entered college at seventeen.

1. Scott's *Pirate;* Chalmers's *English Poets;* Macaulay's *Miscellanies; Harper's Magazine;* Niebuhr's *Rome; British Poets;* Bryant's *Iliad;* Thackeray's *Virginians;* Goldsmith's *Works.*

2. Merivale's *Roman Empire;* Goldsmith's *Works;* Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii;* Pope's *Works; American Nautical Almanac;* Froude's *Short Studies;* White's *England;* Bulwer's *Harold;* Shakespeare; Froude's *England; Oxford English Prize Essays; Blackwood's Magazine; Catholic World;* Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance;* Dickens's *David Copperfield.*

3. Frick's *Physical Technics;* Thomson's *Laws of Thought;* Paget's *Hungary; Eclectic Magazine;* Bohn's *Proverbs; London Quarterly Review;* Barnum's *Romanism;* Dickens's *Oliver Twist; Church Review;* Cramp's *Textbook of Popery;* Thackeray's *Pendennis; Congress of Nations;* Beattie on *Truth, Poetry and Music;* Mill on *Hamilton;* Shakespeare; Bowen's *Logic;* Craik's *English Literature;* Farrar's *Chapters on Language;* Bowen's *Political Economy;* Chaucer; Smith's *Political Economy;* Tacitus; Rolleston's *Forms of Animal Life; Blackwood's Magazine; Eclectic Magazine; North American Review;* Cooke's *Religion and Chemistry;* Angus's *Handbook of the English Tongue;* Wiseman's *Science and Religion;* Darwin's *Descent of Man; Fraser's Magazine;* Hannah's *Bampton Lecture; Catholic World;* Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation;* Wordsworth's *Pictorial Greece;* Byles's *Sophisms of Free-Trade;* Fawcett's *Political Economy;* Schlegel's *Dramatic Literature;* Everett's *Orations;* Morley's *English Literature.*

4. *Student's Gibbon;* Wayland's *Intellectual Philosophy;* Cousin's *Philosophy of History;* Porter's *Human Intellect;* Froude's *Short Studies;* Adam's *Theories of History; Democratic Review; Eclectic Museum;* Milman's *Latin Christianity;* Thackeray's *Henry Esmond;* Tacitus; Hopkins's *Study of Man;* Dickens's *Christmas Books;* Liebke's *Ecclesiastical Art;* Fergusson's *Architecture;* Hopkins's *Law of Love;* Carlyle's *Hero Worship;* Stephens's *France;* Buckle's *Civilization in England;* Stephen's *Ecclesiastical Essays;* Lewis's *History of Germany;* Tocqueville's *Democracy in America;* Hale's *United States;* Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece;* Wordsworth's *Pictorial Greece; Fraser's Magazine; Cambridge Essays;* Curtius's *Greece;* Scott's *Kenilworth.*

The reading of a genuine scholar who had not yet centred his mind on one field of interest. It is no wonder that in his third decade after graduation he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from nine leading American universities.

WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE, 1880

For ten years pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, for the last twenty six years president of Brown University, lecturer and author. He entered college at seventeen.

1. Garnett's *Philosophical Essays;* Thirlwall's *Greece;* Grote's *Greece;* Scott's *Kenilworth, Red Gauntlet, Betrothed,* and *Talisman;* Napoleon; *Edinburgh Review;* Plutarch's *Lives;* Bucke's *Ruins of Ancient Cities;* Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies; Biblia Polyglotta;* Irving's *Alhambra;* Jessé's *Court of England;* Knight's *England; Student's Hume;* Becker's *Gallus,* and *Charicles;* Coleridge; Shakespeare; *Memoir of Norman Macleod;* Ware's *Zenobia;* Anderson's *Foreign Missions; Bible Commentary;* Ticknor's *Life;* Eaton's *Rome;* Pope's *Iliad;* Wayland's *Gospel Ministry;* Wordsworth; Hessey's *Bampton Lecture;* Thackeray's *Pendennis;* Basil's *Shakespeare;* Dickens's *Bleak House;*

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Prescott's *Peru;* Grote's *Utilitarian Philosophy.*

2. Jones's *Right of Suffrage;* Landor; Carlyle's *Hero Worship;* Brachet's *Historical French Grammar;* Dryden; DeQuincey's *Essays;* Channing's *Lectures;* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and *Blithedale Romance;* Bacon's *Works;* Mill's *Utilitarianism;* Grote's *Utilitarian Philosophy;* Milton's *Works;* Bacon's *Manual of Gesture;* Bulfinch's *Age of Fable; Pictorial History of England;* Foster's *Cromwell;* Blackie's *Horæ Hellenicæ;* Gervinus's *Shakspere;* Boswell's *Johnson;* Hazlitt's *English Poets;* Shakespeare; Donaldson's *Antigone;* Scott's *Old Mortality;* Wordsworth's *Greek Testament; Life of Eliot.*

3. Freeman's *Old English History;* Bulwer's *Last of the Barons;* Müller's *Lectures on Religion;* Moon's *The Dean's English;* Wordsworth's *Greece;* Leeds's *Architecture;* Ganot's *Physics;* Nichol's *Architecture of the Heavens;* Blaserna's *Theory of Sound;* Tyndall on *Sound;* Roscoe's *Spectrum Analysis;* Stewart's *Conservation of Energy;* Middleton's *Life of Cicero;* Plutarch's *Lives;* Masson's *Three Devils;* Hullah's *Cultivation of the Speaking Voice;* Stewart's *Elementary Treatise on Heat;* Spenser's *Poetical Works;* Percy's *Reliques;* Taylor's *Whole Works; Songs of England and Scotland;* Emerson's *Essays;* Browne's *Works;* Scott's *Waverley;* Walker's *Science of Wealth;* Nicholson's *Zoology;* Schmidt's *Descent and Darwinism;* Mill's *Logic;* Jowett's *Plato;* Fénelon's *Preacher and Pastor;* Whately's *Logic;* Hunt's *Poetry of Science;* Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies;* Plato's *Apology;* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Plays;* Angus's *Bible Handbook;* Tennyson's *Idylls of the King;* Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables;* Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar;* Descartes's *Method; Boston Lectures, 1870;* Whitney's *Growth of Language;* Cooke's *Religion and Chemistry;* Bain's *Mind and Body;* Paley's *Works;* Hutton's *Scott;* Shairp's *Burns;* Morison's *Gibbon;* Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity;* Milton's *Areopagitica;* Addison on *Paradise Lost.*

4. Seelye's *Philosophy;* Locke's *Essays;* Wayland's *Intellectual Philosophy;* Maudsley's *Physiology of Mind;* Mill's *Logic; Moral Freedom and Causation;* Mansell's *Metaphysics;* Carpenter's *Mental Physiology;* Cousin's *History of Philosophy; Outline Study of Man;* Combe's *Constitution of Man;* Oersted's *Soul in Nature;* Bain's *Mental and Moral Science;* Hume's *Philosophical Works;* Maurice's *Claims of Science and of the Bible; Study of History;* Machiavelli's *Works;* Webster's *Works;* Noel's *Union of Church and State;* Sellar's *Poets of the Augustan Age;* Lange's *Materialism; Modern Pantheism;* Tacitus; Whewell's *Elements of Morality;* Martineau's *Essays;* Hunt's *Poetry of Science;* Nepos's *Lives;* Duncan's *Cæsar;* Bray's *Philosophy of Necessity;* Edwards on *The Will;* Fleming's *Moral Philosophy;* Schlegel's *Dramatic Literature;* Donaldson's *Theatre of the Greeks.*

The reading of a high grade student who had early chosen his profession. He won a reputation in college for rapidity in mastering the contents of a book, an ability that still marks him among men.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, 1881

Lawyer, counsel to the Armstrong Insurance Committee of the New York Legislature, Governor of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, candidate for the presidency, Secretary of State. He entered Brown as a sophomore at the age of sixteen.

2. Thackeray's *Pendennis, Vanity Fair, Newcomes, Virginians, Henry Esmond,* and *Miscellanies;* Dickens's *Dombey and Son, Little Dorrit, Tale of Two Cities, Barnaby Rudge,* and *Martin Chuzzlewit;* Irving's *Sketchbook* and *Alhambra;* Champlin's *Demosthenes;* Macaulay's *Essays;* Ben Jonson's *Works;* Howitt's *English and Foreign Life;* Gray's *Poems;* Hugo's *Ninety-three;* Elder's *Questions of the Day; Merchant's Magazine;* Bulwer's *Rienzi;* Scott's *Pirate;* DeQuincey's *Opium Eater; Edinburgh Review;* Lamb's *Works;* DeMille's *Helena's Household; Spectator;* Emerson's *Essays;* Bulwer's *Harold,* and *Last of the Barons;* Palgrave's *Normandy* and *England;* Thierry's *Norman Conquest; North American Review,* six volumes; Scott's *Woodstock;* Carlyle's *Hero Worship;* Smith's *Three English Statesmen;* Foster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth; Old Plays.*

3. Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby, Bleak House,* and *Our Mutual Friend; Galaxy; Spectator;* Morley's *Shelley,* also his *Spenser; Land We Live In; Richmond and its Vicinity;* Pope's *Works; Fraser's Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; Edinburgh Review; London Quarterly Review;* Bremer's *Works;* Sterne's *Works;* Beaumont and Fletcher; Goldsmith's *Works;* Horace; Lamb's *Works;* Lowell's *Among My Books;* British Theatre; Addison's *Works;* Cox's *Why We Laugh;* Thackeray's *Miscellanies; Country Parson; Femme de Feu;* Morley's *Thackeray; Student's Hume; Lives of Englishmen;* Sand's *Indiana;* Cousin's *History of Philosophy;* Kingsley's *Roman and Teuton; Student's France.*

4. Dickens's *Great Expectations, American Notes,* and *Sketches by Boz;* Hawthorne's *Marble Faun;* Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire;* Balzac; Farrar's *Constitution; Italian*

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Dictionary; Ingliss's *Switzerland;* Reade's *Christie Johnstone;* Kingsley's *Works;* Bekker's *Tacitus;* Lacombe's *Henry IV;* Stephens's *France;* Thierry's *Tiers Etat;* Schiller's *Revolt of the Netherlands* and *Thirty Years War;* Morrell's *Modern Philosophy;* Reid's *Works;* Cary's *Dante;* Fichte's *Philosophy;* Emerson's *Essays;* Busch's *Bismarck; Literature of Greece;* Forster's *Dickens.*

The reading of an immature boy moving about in worlds that he was striving to realize, and building better for the future than he knew. In addition to all this reading, he made an extensive use of the Providence Public Library, which was opened the year he entered Brown.

SAM WALTER FOSS, 1882

Editor, librarian of the Somerville, Massachusetts, Public Library, poet, humorist. He entered college at twenty.

1. Hood's *Poems;* Grote's *Greece;* Emerson's *Essays;* Lowell's *Poems;* Burns; Irving's *Bracebridge Hall.*

2. Wordsworth; Irving's *Knickerbocker, Sketchbook,* and *Mahomet;* Thompson's *Mexico;* Chambers's *Book of Days;* Carlyle's *Hero Worship;* Addison on *Paradise Lost;* Ascham's *Toxophilus; Journey in Brazil; Brazil and the Brazilians; Eloquence of the United States;* Webster's *Works.*

3. Burns; Swift's *Works;* Addison; Macaulay's *Essays;* Keats; Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge, Bleak House,* and *Great Expectations;* Drake's *Essays;* Thackeray's *Henry Esmond; Critical Miscellany;* Carlyle's *Hero Worship;* Emerson's *English Traits;* Webster's *Works,* volume five; Cox's *Aryan Mythology;* Bryant's *Homer's Odyssey;* Sterne's *Works;* Morley's *Wordsworth,* also his *Milton;* Lyell's *Geology.*

4. Kirk's *Parables;* Dickens's *Dombey and Son,* and *Our Mutual Friend.*

The reading of a poet who lifelong took existence very seriously. He and his friends were quite unaware when he left college that he was to win a reputation as a humorist. He had a good private library at his disposal where he boarded, made constant use of the Providence Public Library, and was building up a library of his own comprising his favorite authors. Apparently by his senior year these sources of reading had largely superseded the University Library.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, 1895

Professor of English in Boston University, lecturer, essayist, humorist. He entered college at the age of twenty one.

1. Holmes's *Poems;* Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables;* Taylor's *Views Afoot;* Seymour's *Russia;* Halen's *Captivity;* Dean's *Greece;* Freinsheim's *Livy;* Coleridge's *Works;* Bryant's *Poems;* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter;* Green's *History of England;* Macaulay's *Essays;* Aldrich's *Flower and Thorn;* Cunningham's *Burns;* Huxley's *Essays;* Southall's *Origin of Man;* Allen's *Flowers;* Holmes's *Professor at the Breakfast-Table;* Warner's *My Summer in a Garden;* Longfellow's *Poems;* Pfeiffer's *Poems;* Howells's *Fearful Responsibility;* Shelley's *Poems;* Arnold's *Poems;* Fletcher's *Life;* Southey's *Wesley;* Moore's *Poems;* Cape's *Early Rome;* Tacitus; Willis's *Poems;* Poe's *Poems.*

2. Lamb's *Works;* Dawson's *Fossil Man;* Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies;* Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse;* Brickley's *Life;* Spenser's *Poems;* Thoreau's *Walden,* and two other volumes; Bain's *Rhetoric;* Abbott's *Naturalist;* Goode's *Fishes;* Abbott's *Upland and Meadow;* Staveley's *Spiders;* Torrey's *Birds in the Bush;* Cervantes's *Don Quixote;* Poulton's *Colour of Animals;* Bulwer's *Rienzi;* Everett's *Orations.*

3. Tozer's *Byron;* Tyler's *American Literature;* Beverly's *Virginia;* Arnold's *Poems;* Eliot's *Adam Bede;* Scott's *Poetical Works;* Alexander's *Moral Order;* Shelley's *Poems;* Swinburne's *Poems;* Forman's *Shelley;* Hutton's *Essays;* Rose's *Biography; The Forum;* Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* and *David Copperfield;* Rossetti's *Poems;* Buckey's *Life and Her Children;* Taylor's *Naturalist;* Seebohm's *Protestant Revolution;* Hay's *Poems;* Caird's *Evolution of Religion.*

4. Clarke's *Ten Religions;* Andrew's *Christ;* Browning's *Men and Women* and *Sordello;* Mrs. Browning's *Poems;* Riis's *How the Other Half Lives;* Channing's *Works;* Spurgeon's *Sermons;* Henry's *Expositions;* Spurgeon's *Hands Full of Honey;* Martineau's *Christian Life;* Scott's *Rob Roy* and *Ivanhoe;* Morrison's *Crime;* Ely's *Social Aspects of Christianity; Annals of the American Academy;* Clough's *Poems;* Aristotle's *Ethics.*

The reading of a literary man whose choice of books was mainly running counter to the biological studies in which he specialized. But his readers are now enjoying the fruits of both his study and his reading.

What of the conclusions prompted by our twenty lists? Each has developed

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in our minds a portrait beside that developed by the reader's after career. The comparison yields both affirmative and negative replies to each of our questions, the two being, of course, equally valuable. Perhaps the safest generalization from the lists before us is that they reflect in every case the intellectual alertness of the student, the range of his interests, and his mentality at that particular stage of his development. Few show a dominating purpose or a single interest, but interests shift or interplay. If this conclusion yields a smaller pedagogic value than we had hoped, it offers a greater biographic value than we foresaw, and we may even claim for the library records that have so long slumbered in the archives of our older colleges the rank of an unrecognized source of biographic material. Certainly we carry away an impression of intellectual interest and seriousness that leaves a sense of real importance in the part played by the library in the intellectual life of college students throughout a hundred years.

TWO POEMS

By Amy Lowell

TIME-WEB

THE day is sharp and hurried
As wind upon a dahlia stem;
It is harsh and abrupt with me
As a northeast breeze
Striking a bed of sunflowers.
Why should I break at the root
And cast all my fragile flowers in the dust —
I who am no taller than a creeping pansy?
I should be sturdy and definite,
Yet am I tossed, and agitated, and pragmatically
bending.

POETIC JUSTICE

DOUBLE-FLOWERING trees bear no fruit, they say,
And I have many blossoms,
With petals shrewdly whirled about an empty centre,
White as paper, falling at a whiff of wind.
But when they are gone
There are only green leaves to catch at the sunlight,
Green monotonous leaves
Which hide nothing.

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THE SANITY OF WILLIAM BLAKE

By Joseph Collins

WRITING in 1833, six years after William Blake, the poet-artist, had gone to immortality, Edward Fitzgerald said, "To me there is a particular interest in this man's writing and drawing, in the strangeness of the constitution of his mind." That is the interest of William Blake today when his poetry fails to thrill or to inspire, and when his highest claim to be considered an artist rests on a series of drawings and engravings called "Illustrations to the Book of Job".

William Blake had visual hallucinations. At least, he had the capacity to see the creations of his imagination with the same vividness as if they had been before his eyes, and he maintained that they were before his eyes. He contended that things whose reality cannot be proved, such as angels, people deceased for ages, and buildings demolished for centuries, presented themselves in his visual field. He maintained it with sincerity and determination and he drew what he said he saw. But the fact that a man has hallucinations is not sufficient to label him "insane". Conduct that is prejudicial to others' happiness, welfare, and comfort is an essential condition, and none of William Blake's biographers or commentators has described such conduct. Now there comes along a young American who is determined to show that William Blake was sane. To many psychiatrists like myself it will undoubtedly seem an unnecessary labor, but a gratifying one, for sympathetic hero handling is a kindly thing to observe.

We never cease to marvel that persons who are "mad" can create or copy so masterfully that the admiration of contemporaries is compelled and the gratitude of posterity earned. This, despite the long list of accomplishments in the world of art and letters by men who have been potentially or actually mad.

Mr. Bruce opens one of his chapters with the sentence: "Blake, in other words, was neurotic." Now, the word "neurotic" must have some very specific meaning for our young author, otherwise he would not declare himself in this dramatic way. If William Blake was neurotic, there is no indication of it in Mr. Bruce's book. William Blake was psychotic. He had what is called for purposes of facile designation a manic-depressive temperament. The pattern of that temperament can be described with the same specificity as pneumonia can be; practically the only thing about it that we do not know is its cause, but it is only very recently that we have known the cause of pneumonia. I do not consider that this is the proper place for a disquisition on the individual psychic functions, particularly on the one known as affectivity, which would be necessary were I to make a readily comprehensible description of the manic-depressive psychosis, whether it reveals itself in shadowy outlines or majestic proportions. Mr. Bruce writes, "To say confidently that Blake suffered from mythomania, or from automatism, or from occasional hyperæsthesia, or from manic-depressive

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tendencies, or that he did not tend toward a definite schizophrenia is to add polysyllables rather than illumination to the discussion of his state." This is an attitude of preciosity on the part of Mr. Bruce that is very offensive to me. If he does not know what "schizophrenia" means, then he should consult a dictionary and not display his infirmities to the world. If he knows a better word, that is, a more comprehensive or a more descriptive word for personality cleavage, I suggest that he submit it. What further illumination concerning the mental processes of an individual can be desired than is conveyed in the statement that he is a manic-depressive personality, or that he displayed the manifestations of the mental disorder known as the manic-depressive psychosis?

A few years ago, in a book entitled "Idling in Italy", I said anent Giovanni Papini (who in 1920 was quite unknown to the American public) that no one unfamiliar with the disorder of the mind called manic-depressive psychosis could fully understand him.

> There is no one more sane and businesslike than the former Futurist, yet the reactions of his supersensitive nature have great similarity with this mental disorder, present, in embryo, in many people. In every display of the manic-depressive temperament, there is a period of emotional, physical and intellectual activity that surmounts every obstacle, brushes aside every barrier, leaps over every hurdle. During its dominancy, the victim respects neither law nor convention; the goal is his only object. He does not always know where he is going and he is not concerned with it; he is concerned only with going. When the spectator sees the road over which he has travelled on his winged horse he finds it littered with the débris that Pegasus has trampled upon and crushed.
>
> This period of hyperactivity is invariably followed by a time of depression, of inadequacy, of emotional barrenness, of intellectual sterility, of physical impotency, of spiritual frigidity. The sun from which the body and the soul have had their warmth and their glow falls below the horizon of the unfortunate's existence and he senses the terrors of the dark and the rigidity of beginning congelation. Then, when hope and warmth have all but gone and only life, mere life without colour or emotion, remains, and the necessity of living forever in a world perpetually enshrouded in darkness with no differentiation in the débris remaining after the tornado, then the sun gradually peeps up, illuminates, warms, revives, fructifies the earth, and the sufferer becomes normal — normal save in the moments or hours of fear when he contemplates having again to brave the hurricane or to breast the deluge. But once the wind begins to blow with a velocity that bespeaks the readvent of the tornado, he throws off inhibition and goes out in the open, holds up the torch that shall light the whole world, and with his megaphone from the top of Helicon shouts: "This way to the revolution."

I contend that anyone who will read even the summaries of the chapters of Mr. Bruce's book will need no further evidence to be convinced that William Blake, who had "everywhere the poet's firm persuasion that things were so, who stuck to a choice that was contemned, to a taste that was laughed at"; who was as immune to ridicule as a tortoise is to admonition; who spoke his mind on all occasions even when it clashed with authority; who, like the master potter, knew, knew, knew; who swung backward and forward from high exaltation to pits of melancholy; who listened to messengers from heaven daily and nightly and composed under their dictation a poem which he considered the grandest that this world contained, even though he was never able to find one purchaser; who received Richard Cœur-de-Lion at a quarter past twelve, midnight, and painted his portrait though he had been dead several centuries; who displayed a persecutory state of mind when he was depressed and a self sufficiency when he was exhalted that brooked no curbing; who took no thought for the morrow and was as unable to take care of himself as a two year old child, was of manic-depressive temperament and

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that if he escaped being sent to Bethlehem Hospital, which was vulgarly called Bedlam, he is entitled to our belated congratulations.

When Mr. Bruce ceases to be annoying about adjectives, he is sometimes amusing and often amazing. "William Blake had the neurotic's need for dependence on someone outside himself." A neurotic is an individual who has some nervous disorder or disease, functional or organic. A typical nervous disorder is migraine, sick headache. I could easily enumerate a score of the world's great men and women who have been thus afflicted. What was their need for dependence on someone outside themselves? "He had the neurotic's sense of time." What can that possibly be? Was it the sense of time that Dostoyevsky had just before the convulsions that attended his epileptic attacks appeared. Dostoyevsky was a neurotic — one of the most typical that ever lived, perhaps. He maintained that the few seconds previous to the motor manifestation of an attack were a timeless eternity. If it lasted another fractional part of a second, he could not possibly survive it. Did William Blake have this kind of sense of time?

He could not tolerate a pedantic, pretentious, stupid, pachydermatous patron, William Hayley. According to Sinclair Lewis there are only two races of people, the neurotic and the stupid: William Hayley was stupid, William Blake was neurotic. At least, it can be said of this reasoning that it offers a better foundation for Mr. Bruce's thesis than that which he has heretofore provided.

William Blake was a happy man, for he believed in himself. He was a lucky man — his wife believed in him. He was a courageous man; he threw a trespassing sailor, emboldened by strong drink, out of his garden and was tried for high treason. Yet he patiently tolerated the inquisitive visits of the greatest bore of his time, Crabb Robinson, without even threat of assault. He did not get his just deserts from his contemporaries, but posterity has more than made up for their niggardliness, and Mr. Bruce has given posterity a leg up. Had he dwelt more on the value and significance of Blake's art and less on his "neurosis" he would have served us better. But his book is a snappy, concise, readable account of a man who had faith in himself and who, finally, compelled others to acknowledge his merit.

William Blake in This World. By Harold Bruce. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

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THE LONDONER

The Publishing Season — "Listening in" — Popularity — Max Beerbohm — The Most Popular Authors in England — R. M. Ballantyne — A Duel between D. H. Lawrence and Norman Douglas — New Volumes for the "English Men of Letters" Series.

LONDON, June 1, 1925.

IT is possible to look at the spring publishing season with a kind of definiteness at this stage; and I regret to say that it has been a bad one. A few good books have been issued, but the sales of all books have been poor. From every side I hear the same tale, and I am told that even the best selling class has sold less well than was to have been expected. The cross word puzzle is in some quarters blamed, and in others the wireless, although I think the real cause may be that old books have been read more than new ones. Personally, I have not done any cross word puzzles, and upon a few occasions I have listened with a good deal of impatience to the wireless; but books have been the mainstay of my leisure hours during this season as they have been in other seasons. Most of my reading, however, has been of old books. This, not solely in order to save money, but because the new books did not seem to me to be specially attractive. I am therefore inclined to blame the new books for their own lack of success. But I must not forget to include among the reasons for a bad season one which was given to me by a publisher. He said that new books were not selling because the public taste had deteriorated. This sounds rather like the change in human nature which Mrs. Woolf recently discovered to have taken place in or about the year 1910.

I said just now that I had listened in upon several occasions with discontent. One reason for this discontent is that the circumstances under which I have listened have been less favorable than those enjoyed by others. What in England are called "atmospherics" have interfered with the transmission; and a great deal of Morse dotting and dashing will spoil one's enjoyment of the finest program in the world. I thought that I should like to hear Mr. Chesterton speak about Sadler's Wells Theatre, that I should like to hear Mr. Squire read some modern poetry, that I should like to hear Mr. Gilligan tell something about the conditions of cricket in Australia. I listened to all three, but without satisfaction. Mr. Chesterton spoke clearly and characteristically, but one missed the swaying motion of his body and the cheerful solemnity of his demeanor. His voice sounded deeper than usual. Mr. Squire's selection of poems was perhaps a little lugubrious, or his manner of reciting the poems was a little gloomy, or perhaps I wanted my dinner. At any rate, although I thought the notion of giving the poems a good one, I was not uplifted by the occasion as I ought to have been. Mr. Gilligan was a disappointment. He told listeners nothing that they did not know already, and he did it in a sort of journalese which I found painful. I do not know what I expected of Mr. Gilligan, who is a cricketer and not a lecturer, but I

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thought we might have had a really personal effort. Mr. Chesterton I have heard so often in the flesh that it may be I expected too much of him. Mr. Squire I thought might have been less serious than he was. From these experiences, and from an attempt to hear understandingly a selection from "Hamlet" given by Mr. Barrymore and others, I am prepared to say that Bernard Shaw's threat to theatrical managers that unless they looked about a little more the ordinary playgoer would prefer to hear his plays over the wireless rather than go to the trouble of visiting the theatre at all, seems to me to be nonsensical. Mr. Shaw has evidently not grasped the fact that people go to the theatre not only to see a play but to put on their best clothes, to dine at a restaurant, and to see the world in the remaining stalls of the theatre. Moreover, it was quite impossible to grasp what was happening while "Hamlet" was being performed. The Poet Laureate, by the way, said in the preface to his latest anthology of poetry that common humanity would learn the best manner of English speech by hearing English spoken in the best manner over the wireless. In this the Poet Laureate was in error. Apart from the speakers whom I have mentioned, all of whom were men of some reverence for the English language, the pronunciations I have heard over the wireless have been exceedingly queer. They have not been pure at all and in fact such mispronunciations as "perinotitis", "athaletic," "guvverment", "reppertwah", and "preppertory" (all of which have been heard during the last few months, along with others which I do not recall) tell against the Poet Laureate's theory. Something better will have to be done if intelligent readers of books are to be lured from their preference. No; on the whole I think the books must be blamed for their own lack of success. The considerable sales of such works as "The Constant Nymph", "A Passage to India", and "Those Barren Leaves" make it appear that a good book can still have a public.

* * * *

I am not saying that all books which sell well are good, or that all good books sell well. It does happen that some good work does not immediately appeal to minds of its own age. But I think there may be some cant about the whole question of sales. Books are like men. Some of them are more popular than others. Our friends find us likable for different reasons, and we do not appeal to all men as we appeal to our friends. Some people, in fact, find us the reverse of agreeable. I was talking to a man the other day about a well known English critic. I objected that this critic's manners were distasteful to me. I said that he was personally rude, and that I did not enjoy the company of rude people, since to me a degree of courtesy is an essential of any polite intercourse. My friend, who condemned the critic as a writer, replied to my criticisms of the critic as a man by saying that he was "a rough diamond". Now this rough diamond does no doubt displease by his demeanor many who would be ready to respect his integrity if he were not so harsh in manner. His work, which is more mannerly than his normal carriage, would no doubt attract readers more than it does if he had the grace of some other critics. It is on the whole able and sincere work, but it is not attractive. Accordingly, it is not very popular. There is a dryness about it which does not please. This dryness, however, is no more deliberate than is the charm of many other writers. Is

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it not a fact that in all cases we are attracted or repelled by the personality of the writer rather than by any virtue or wisdom in the work itself? I think this may account for the relative rewards (in the sense of popularity) of writers whose talents are not altogether incomparable. As for myself, I find Shakespeare an attractive writer, and I should read his plays if they were much less commendable than they are. I find A. A. Milne an attractive writer. I find Sterne and Jane Austen and Remizov, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, attractive writers. There is something in all these writers which touches a vein in me which is the natural vein. Some other writers I admire more than one or two of those I have named; but if I had my way (that is, if all or a great number thought as I think) these writers would be the most popular writers in the world. They are not the most popular writers in the world. Other people have different tastes. Therefore, when I write analytically, I have to say that I think these writers are good writers. "Good" is a term which means what the reader makes of it, and I expect that I instinctively take precautions not to suggest that my favorite writers (those with whom I have temperamentally most kinship) are the best writers in the world. As a rule, they are writers whose particular kind of humor I most relish. Other people do not relish them. I know one esteemed critic at the present time who abominates Jane Austen. I have seen people walk out of the theatre during the performance of plays by both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Milne. I have no doubt that Mr. Chesterton and Sterne and Remizov are all disliked by a section of their readers. Accordingly, I suggest that since it is the personality of each of these writers which produces its effect, it is that personality which creates popularity or the reverse in the men and in the work which they produce. Any other explanation will have my respectful attention, but until a better notion is brought to my notice I shall persist in thinking that unpopularity is caused by some unattractiveness in the personality of the writer, some lack of charm. It is thus beyond our control, and popularity and unpopularity will continue to arise, not from the æsthetic interest of any man's work but from the peculiar radiations of the author's personality.

* * * *

Take, for example, Max Beerbohm. One has only to glance at any newspaper at this moment, one has only to visit the Leicester Galleries, to be assured that Mr. Beerbohm has the sympathetic and charmed attention of a considerable and representative part of the British public. The new exhibition of his caricatures is a big success. The drawings, in the majority of cases, are already sold. Everywhere, "Max's" arrival in London in connection with his show has been greeted with a kind of writing which could spring only from affection. The one discordant note has been struck by Sir Owen Seaman in "Punch". Sir Owen objects to Mr. Beerbohm's "malice". Aside from the fact that Sir Owen Seaman's writing always strikes me as being full of that very quality, and therefore as something less humorous than it should be, I must draw attention to the fact that nobody else seems to have noticed "Max's" malice. I have myself seen the exhibition of cartoons, and most of them are the most friendly, laughing little exaggerations anybody could wish to see. My comment upon them would be that they are rather too much like small, polite family jokes (if family jokes can be im-

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agined ever to be polite) to have any true importance. I agree that the political cartoons are the worst, but that is because Mr. Beerbohm is evidently not a politician. Indeed, the caricature of Lord Milner, to which Sir Owen Seaman particularly draws attention, is probably the most meaningless of all the drawings to be seen at the Leicester Galleries. It has a slight astringency (almost, possibly, a bitterness) which I did not notice anywhere else. A friend who went with me to the exhibition said, of the drawing of Sir William Joynson Hicks, "I have sat opposite that man on a committee for months, and it is not in the smallest degree like him." The inference was that Mr. Beerbohm did not know Sir William Joynson Hicks, and had depended solely upon photographs or descriptions for his models. The same might be said of all his political subjects. They are not like the originals, because Mr. Beerbohm has never seen the originals. Similarly, in many cases, they are not appropriate, because Mr. Beerbohm has obtained his political knowledge by hearsay. It is impossible for a man to live far from England and to keep in touch with the feeling of the country or even with the appearance of its citizens. Take the portraits of Bernard Shaw. It is clear that Mr. Beerbohm has not recently seen Mr. Shaw. The drawings are not in the least like him. One of them shows Mr. Shaw incredibly burly. He remains in fact the same thin wiry figure that he always was, but Mr. Beerbohm, dreaming in Rapallo, has put flesh upon Mr. Shaw's bones, and he is forgiven. The actual drawing in several of the cartoons is terrible. Mr. Beerbohm's drawing has always been his own, and it does not improve. There are probably not half a dozen caricatures in the whole gallery which reveal him at his artistic or whimsical best. And yet it is a delight to look at these drawings. It is delightful to con the little jokes, so devoid of sting and so goodnaturedly funny. Mr. Beerbohm is having a good "press", and he is having steady gatherings of the public each day. The catalogue of the exhibition is in itself likely to become a treasure, so charming is it to recall the delicate text which appears under each picture and which is reprinted in the catalogue. And the reason of it all is that Mr. Beerbohm has succeeded in getting the whole of the press, and the whole of that section of the public which can be reached by such subjects as interest Mr. Beerbohm, to accept his personality. He does not pander to the public. He does not put this in or that for the purpose of pleasing any special taste but his own. His cartoons are nearly all of men he has already caricatured as frequently as he has any need to do. And yet we are his servants. For how long? I shall not venture to prophesy. I shall only note that there is a charming (though not especially veracious) sketch of Lytton Strachey, that the Arnold Bennett and George Moore are as good as ever, and that the Sitwells make a notably successful first appearance. The drawing of the two Sitwell brothers, indeed, is held by some to be the best thing in the exhibition. I shall neither accept nor contradict this, but at least it shows that Mr. Beerbohm can really catch a likeness when he has seen the persons whom he is depicting. The point I want to make is that whether his caricatures are good or less good, Mr. Beerbohm is very much liked by many people who have never seen him, who have never seen the originals of his caricatures, and who do not really think his caricatures are as good (particularly the political caricatures) as those of David Low, the Australian cartoonist whose work appears regu-

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larly in a London evening paper, the "Star". "Max's" asset is his personality. In virtue of this, and in spite of his residence abroad, he is today one of the most popular figures in England.

* * * *

There has just been a great competition — prizes, eight automobiles — to decide the grave question of the relative popularity of the most popular authors in England. The prize winners were those entrants who placed the authors in the order established by their numerical appearance in the lists of all the competitors. The final order of the authors was:

Rudyard Kipling
Thomas Hardy
Hall Caine
Conan Doyle
H. G. Wells
Rider Haggard
Arnold Bennett
Ethel M. Dell
Joseph Conrad
W. J. Locke
G. K. Chesterton
Ian Hay

The list is one of the strangest lists I have ever seen — much stranger and more unexpected than Mr. Walpole's recent list of twenty representative novels by living authors. That Hardy should come so high is astonishing. That there should be no place in the list for some of our more notorious best sellers is inexplicable. The fact that five of the writers chosen should be real old stagers (no offense intended), whose work was familiar and popular at the turn of the century — Hardy, Kipling, Doyle, Caine, and Haggard — shows how conservative the English public is. It loves its old authors, and will continue to do so. I was recently speaking to a literary society at one of our universities, and was referring to art in the novel, and heaven knows what highbrow topics, when one of the most superior members of my audience — a man who knew, of course, ten times more than the lecturer about the lecturer's own job, which is the way of all undergraduates, temporary and permanent — stumped me by trying to estimate Rider Haggard's work by the highest standards of art. At first I supposed he was being facetious, but it turned out that the effort was being made in good faith. I was forced to confess that any conjunction between my own theme and the work of Rider Haggard seemed to me useless; but I was at the same time impressed by the knowledge that the late novelist still kept the respect of our English undergraduates and thus revealed a humanity in them which I was far from expecting. Observe, in the above list, how relatively lowly is the position of Ethel M. Dell.

* * * *

A real old stager has just celebrated his centenary — or rather, since he is no longer present, it has been celebrated for him — R. M. Ballantyne. Ballantyne was one of the most honest and capable writers for boys who ever lived. I do not think that he was the equal of Manville Fenn for the quickness and delight of story telling and the naturalness of his conversations; but he was very good indeed. I must have read all his books in days gone by. I still possess rather well worn copies of two of them, "The Coral Island" and "Martin Rattler". Although I have forgotten what the latter is about I have not forgotten that when I was twelve, being set as a composition at school the task of telling again the story of a favorite book, and writing about "Martin Rattler", I was pleased to get top marks and the master's assurance that I should make literature my profession in after years. "The Coral Island" I

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still recall in some detail, and I have to thank that book for giving me as a child some really terrible dreams. There is in it a picture of victorious South Sea Islanders launching their war canoes over the bodies of living war prisoners which, when I think of it today, still makes me shudder. The spirits of the three young heroes of "The Coral Island" were very good, I recollect, and one of them, Peterkin, was a wag. Peterkin was my favorite character, though I believe I at all times identified myself with the personality of the narrator, who was rather less showy than Peterkin and the third member of the trio. But the mere titles of Ballantyne's books, for those whose youth coincided with mine, are a reminder of hours spent in very sweet pleasure. Who, of our period, will not thrill a little at memory of "Fighting the Flames", "The Red Eric", "The Battery and the Boiler", "The Gorilla Hunters", "The Settler and the Savage", "Deep Down", "Ungava", and "The Young Fur Traders"? I was never a Henty-ite, because I found that author wooden. It was the sincerity and the naturalness of both Ballantyne and Fenn that made me their slave; and I am very glad to learn now, for the first time, that after making a mistake in one of his books Ballantyne determined that he would never again write without first hand knowledge of what he was describing. He thus lived for weeks in a lighthouse, went down into the tin mines, served as an amateur fireman, went to sea in a trawler, and traveled largely, all with this determination as the spur. No wonder his books seemed to the reader of them to be authentic! I do not know of any writer who has taken Ballantyne's place, but I imagine that the religious tone of Ballantyne is rather out of date, and that his successors have different standards from his. Never mind, the books were good books of their kind, and I am glad to have read them, even though it was so long ago that I can recall nothing of them but the names and the satisfaction they gave.

* * * *

My readers should not miss two extremely curious works of great interest, both of which I have recently read. The first of them is D. H. Lawrence's introduction to "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion" by M. M., published in England by Secker and in America by Knopf. The second is a pamphlet, "D. H. Lawrence and Maurice Magnus", by Norman Douglas, which can be obtained at the price of five shillings from the author, care of Thomas Cook and Son, Florence, Italy. Each in its way is a masterpiece, and each is exceedingly characteristic of its author. Lawrence's vitriolic portraits of both Magnus and Douglas (though, of course, especially of Magnus) are superb pieces of description. They have such a vivid truth that you are quite overwhelmed by them. I do not know of anything to beat this introduction in its own line, or of anybody except Dostoyevsky who could beat Lawrence at this sort of work. That I regard as the highest praise which it is possible to give. Most other writers would not only be more urbane and less ruthless than Lawrence; they would also be incapable of the fierce perception which has enabled him to seize a character with such force, and the magnificent eloquence which has enabled him to produce the portrait for our knowledge. I say nothing of the genius which has chosen each detail so surely that it helps to compose Magnus for us in the printed word. Douglas's pamphlet, taken by itself, is a very fine performance. It seems to me to be clearly

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disingenuous, and it really leaves Lawrence unanswered; yet in itself, for the thing that it is, the expression of a personality which is suave where Lawrence's personality is white hot, this pamphlet is diabolically clever. The humor of it, and the dexterity; the blandness and cynicism — all are delicious. And it should certainly be read by those who have read only the Lawrence preface. It does not affect the preface — in one way it heightens the truth of the preface — and it is particularly amusing as amplifying and refining the curious portrait which Lawrence has drawn of Douglas himself. For all who care to study human nature, in fact, these two items are of interest which I could not exaggerate. I have read them both with the utmost diversion.

* * * *

And now let me end upon a graver note. I see that Mr. Squire is to edit a new series of the "English Men of Letters". The titles of the new books, and the names of the men who are to write them, are just announced. Some of the books should be very interesting, and I am especially pleased to see that Robert Lynd is going to do the Stevenson. There could not have been a better choice. For the rest, the editor is to write the volume on Francis Thompson — another excellent allocation. There are to be volumes upon Herman Melville, Edgar Allan Poe, and Whitman, among American writers (the authors of these, respectively, are John Freeman, Edward Shanks, and John Bailey), and Donne, Blake, Swinburne, and Meredith, among Englishmen. Rather a mixed bag, perhaps, particularly when it is remembered that Mr. Squire has taken over from a former but anonymous editor of the series Mr. Walpole's volume on Trollope. But the new books should be interesting. I observe that volumes on Oscar Wilde, Samuel Butler, John Addington Symonds, Herbert Spencer, and Froude are not announced. I should have thought all these interesting subjects for Mr. Squire's colleagues; but perhaps they are to form the basis of a second instalment. The authors of the present list make quite a little family party. Most of them are regular contributors to "The London Mercury". Ellis Roberts, who wrote upon Ibsen for Mr. Secker's series of monographs, is to write upon Conrad for Mr. Squire; Mr. Priestley, who is to do the Meredith, is a reader for John Lane, a reviewer on the "Daily News" and apparently on the "Times Literary Supplement", and is the author of several books of collected critical writings; Mr. Shanks is the author of three novels and several volumes of poems, besides a study of Mr. Belloc in which he collaborated with a friend; John Bailey is a writer on the "Times Literary Supplement"; Mr. Freeman is a poet who, if he had been able to resist the temptation to produce too easily, might have taken high rank, so excellent have some of his works been; Harold Nicolson is the husband of V. Sackville-West, and the author of several monographs upon defunct poets; and Geoffrey Scott, who is to write the Donne, has just published an extraordinarily good book called "The Portrait of Zélide". Among the galaxy, the Donne volume is the one to arouse my highest hopes. Mr. Scott is a man of real talent, and he has a splendid theme.

SIMON PURE

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GETTING INTO SIX FIGURES

By Arnold Patrick

VII: CHARLES AND KATHLEEN NORRIS

PERHAPS the most complete story of literary success to be told about Americans is that of the Norrises, Charles and Kathleen; for here is not only a triumph of two pens but a triumph of combined careers, the story of a partnership honestly, reasonably, and happily arranged and perpetuated. There is glamor in this story, and cold detail, too. There are pictures of lean days, and of bitter disappointments. Finally, however, there is the reassuring glimpse of the Norrises as we know them now, both writers of best sellers, happy, content, kindly, of constant assistance to their friends, with a ranch in California which is overflowing with guests, with warm hearts constantly tempered by keen minds. It is a combination from which there is much to learn, for though in writing as well as personality this husband and wife are different, each has molded both the life and the work of the other.

Mrs. Norris does not like to be interviewed. She is a gracious hostess, tall, striking, carefully tailored. "One of my most vivid childhood memories", Stephen Vincent Benét tells me, "is of Kathleen Thompson, in the white shirtwaist period, walking down a San Francisco street looking for all the world like one of the best of the Gibson girls." She still looks like a Gibson girl, but one of the present period. Lunch was a pleasant meal, but it was impossible to bring the conversation around to an interview stage until we touched on childhood. Then it was that Mrs. Norris talked for a time. Presently a dentist appointment claimed her.

"Most of my story is in 'Noon'", she said, "and C. G. will tell you the rest. He's responsible for it all, anyway. Oh, he's an excellent publicity man for his wife!"

She was gone — a woman with rare charm and a remarkable, impish sense of humor. If you have never heard Kathleen Norris mimic, you have missed a treat. She has a racy Irish love of the ridiculous. She can tell an amusing story with unfailing dramatic sense. Laughter is in her books; but not this kind of laughter. She keeps that for her family and her friends — a personality quite apart.

After she had left us Charles Norris related a remarkable story, their story. I do not know just how old Charles Norris is. Perhaps he told me; at any rate, I have forgotten. He looks younger than he is, probably, for he has vitality and a smoothness of hair and visage that disarms the seekers of approaching middle age. He is trim of figure and careful in dress. This debonair exterior conceals a personality combining imagination, force, and tenderness. They are actually much alike, these two; alike, certainly, in their friendliness. They have done countless good deeds of which their acquaintances have told me, and some of their experiments in aid have proved tragic, but it has not discouraged them

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from attempting to use both worldly and spiritual means for clarifying the lives of others.

Both are Californians, their early days run curiously parallel.

Two scenes of childhood:

The floor stretches out. It is the battlefield. Hundreds on hundreds of lead soldiers pass in review. Now they march to battle. Now they are on gala parade. Among them sits a little boy, fascinated by the dramatic force of his brother's imagination. Later that brother was to write on the dedicatory page of "The Pit":

To my brother Charles Gilman Norris:
In memory of certain lamentable tales of the round (dining-room) table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoon, and the romance cycle of "Gaston le Fox", which we invented, maintained and found marvelous at a time when we both were boys.

For hours Frank Norris would play with his brother. Every soldier had his name, and Charlie himself was Gaston le Fox. Later, from Paris, the young art student sent instalments of the great epic of Gaston, written in the second person. It was Charlie who lived these marvelous adventures: "You were the hero. You killed the villain. You rescued the lovely lady." From everywhere Frank borrowed his stories. For the delight of his young brother he stole at random and made his own tales of romantic power and charm.

Both boys, sons of a successful jeweler, dreamed of artistic careers. But one artist in the family was enough. Charles must be destined for business. So he resigned in favor of the dashing brother whom he adored. And Gaston the Fox, as he called himself, went soberly off to college, his dreams safely stowed.

The other scene is in Mill Valley, "a two-pronged canyon running up against the flanks of Mount Tamalpais, heavily and beautifully wooded", with two acres of redwood that cost the Thompson family $325, and a house built for $1,400. Here were the modestly successful father, manager of a San Francisco bank and president of the Bohemian Club, and the mother, later celebrated by her daughter in the novel "Mother". Here, after dinner in the evening, when Kathleen was sixteen or seventeen and her brother and sister four and six, she laid the foundations of her story telling genius. She loves to tell stories. She loves to write, unlike many of those who write best sellers, unlike her husband, as a matter of fact. In "Noon" she says, "The children themselves chose the stories, for although none was ever repeated, there were certain popular characters kept alive for years."

"I used to like the gipsies myself", she told me, "but they frightened the children. I didn't want them to be unhappy, so after a time I left out the gipsies. Perhaps that's why I like to keep them out of my stories now."

This family was soon to break with the sudden deaths of both father and mother and, under the guardianship of an aunt, work out its difficult problems. Mrs. Norris and her brother and sister turned to work wherever they could find it. While she was selling hardware, teaching, being librarian; even when she was dropped from one newspaper with the information that she could not write; when her story of the earthquake was the only one of the family's returned from the east unpublished, she yet remembered her sister's confident remark as she brought her "The Atlantic", "I'll see your name there, some day."

Meanwhile Frank Norris had died, and his brother Charles had finished college and come east with Frank Doubleday. For a time he worked in

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the publishing business, but he soon returned to the west coast and was at work on "Sunset Magazine" when he met Kathleen Thompson.

"I had heard of this remarkable Miss Thompson", he told me. "She was star reporter on the 'Call' at the time, and I did everything in my power to meet her. I finally did, and I knew at once that I must marry her."

Three meetings, and it was arranged. The young people decided to risk New York. They came on here, and the story of their struggles and their excellent management is one which deals largely in careful budgets and ambition to keep out of debt. They worked hard, both of them. He found a job on "The Christian Herald", and later on "The American Magazine". She managed the house in a way that was truly miraculous. They had a few good friends and simple pleasures. She helped by reading manuscripts by the score, and he kept encouraging her to write. She was shy about it. Years before this she had written "What Happened to Alanna", designed for "The Atlantic", and when it came back had thrown it into a drawer where it lay forgotten. Now, however, she set to work again. After they had been married about a year, Mrs. Norris wrote two stories and submitted them in a contest held by the "Telegram". Both were accepted, and she won a prize. It was then that Mr. Norris took matters into his hands, and he has been her manager ever since. There were to be more discouragements and disappointments. "What Happened to Alanna" went to a list of twenty eight magazines, beginning with "The Atlantic", before it was accepted — on its second trip by "The Atlantic". Then there was a baby, then the writing of "Mother", then more and more success, until the market for her short stories was assured and she was rapidly becoming one of the best known of American women writers.

At this point Charles Norris found himself confronted with his great problem. Brother of a brilliant novelist, husband of a brilliant novelist, he faced the question of becoming her manager, no more. True, she had often felt that his name should go on the title page with hers. True, it was his constant advice and encouragement that made success possible. But this was not the life that Gaston the Fox had dreamed for himself. Nor was this the life that his wife dreamed for him. As he had encouraged her writing, she now turned to developing his. As he had made it possible for her to write in the early days of their marriage, she now made it possible for him. He wrote "The Amateur" and it found a publisher. Then he set to work on a new novel. It was about the time of the war. He enlisted and was presently a major. But "Salt" was rejected by his publisher, and he claims that it was the bitterest moment of life. He tried to forget it in the events of the war, left it with an agent, and it was placed.

Critics praised "Salt", but in point of sales it was only fair at first. However, this book of Mr. Norris's has gone on selling ever since. When he returned from the war he wrote "Brass", which became a best seller, followed it with "Bread", and his next novel, finished and sold as a serial for an enormous sum, is called "Pig Iron".

Meanwhile, Mrs. Norris had written the famous "Certain People of Importance", which did not appear as a serial, and will follow it this autumn with "Little Ships", another story which has not had serialization. She writes many short stories and two serials a year. She combines in an

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unusual way the ability to tell a story and the ability to write well. Mr. Norris prefers to study characters in difficult psychological situations.

To quote again from "Noon" — which, by the way, is a remarkably human little autobiography: "I always feel", she writes, "that my husband's plots create his characters while my stories are plotted about a character that especially takes my fancy. We both write only of America, but while his analytical studies of social and domestic conditions slowly force his imaginary men and women upon their logical and predestined paths, my heroines occasionally prove superior to circumstances, and arrive triumphantly at the happy ending."

Their methods of work are different, although both find that regularity is essential in the life of an author. From nine until one is sacred to their writing, and no telephone interruptions are allowed. Mrs. Norris sees her whole story clearly in her mind before she writes, usually talks it over with her husband, often writes an outline, and seldom rewrites. She works rapidly, and enjoys every moment of it.

Mr. Norris develops his story slowly. He sometimes sits for hours over a typewriter pondering a sentence, and he gathers the background material for his books with great care. He claims, and I think honestly, that he does not believe himself to be a born writer. He has taught himself to write. He is, I think, mistaken in this belief. He is a born psychologist, and his style is distinctive in its relation to his psychological understanding.

They are even with the world now, both best sellers, both having gained critical esteem, both healthy and happy in their relations with the world of books and with their own friends. I have not dwelt here on Mrs. Norris's illness and her fight back to health, nor upon the beloved sister, who died during the war. Nor have I said much about the son, nephews, nieces, and cousins who make the Norris ranch a place of laughter and home atmosphere. I have been most interested in detailing what seems to me a lesson not only in the value of careful planning in the formation of writing careers, but also in the advantage of even odds in the successful progress of the marriage relation.

Of course, Mr. Norris is still the manager. It is he who opens and answers most of the mail. It is he who keeps much of the world away from his wife. Yet I should imagine that her influence is as strong in the family in its way. I fancy that the give and take is as nearly in proportion as the literary reputations. Is it easy to get into six figures in tandem? It seems to me an achievement worth our most serious consideration.

When I went to interview the Norrises, a promise was made to tell me the famous middle name — famous to me, because it had been promised for many years. It was forgotten. I found out, though; but I shall respect confidences. For whom was he named? I shall never tell. I leave you to guess. Best luck in the world to Mrs. Norris, and to Major Charles Gilman S—— Norris!

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THE SKETCH BOOK

BOOKS OF MEMORY

By Julian Hawthorne

MY father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, had about five hundred books when we came back from England in 1860, and took up our residence in the Wayside, in Concord.

That is my guess: they were never catalogued, or even counted. But the west wing of the little house had been done over after our return, and the ground floor room was fitted with bookshelves and called the library. The room above it was my sister Una's bedchamber. The family used to assemble in the library after dinner, and my father would read aloud to us there for an hour or two: he was a perfect reader, his voice, grave and musical, conveying without effort every shade of meaning of the text. He read to us several great books — Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress", Spenser's "Faerie Queene", Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered", all of Walter Scott's novels, many of De Quincey's essays, Washington Irving's "Life of Washington" — none of his own books, except the stories for children called "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales". These, indeed, he read to us in manuscript before they were published, before we went abroad. After the astral lamp had been wound up — making a guttural sound — and lighted, he would sit in his rocking chair beside the table and begin. He would hold the book in his right hand, by the top, his fingers coming over: we seated ourselves as we pleased, but I always watched his face, lighted by the lamp. It was a masculine face, with a great, clear brow and powerful dark eyebrows over deep blue eyes. Its expression was serene, commanding, never severe; the right eyebrow had a way of lifting at passages of humor, and at times when the fun broadened he would smile or chuckle for a moment. Again, he would kindle with the spirit of the theme, and his rendering of dialogue, as in Scott's stories, was masterly. When, in later years, I did my own reading, I realized what light and charm he had communicated to the printed page: the author would seem toneless in comparison.

The library, as I was going to say, was a small room, and bookshelves had been built on the west side and on part of the north. I doubt if there were more than five hundred volumes. Some of them had been preserved from his boyhood, and showed signs of service; others had happened in, as books will, many of these presentation copies from authors or publishers; then there were a few deliberately bought. On the top shelves were small, queer looking books, mostly French: all the works of Voltaire, poor of paper and print and bound in paper; Rousseau, similarly attired. Montaigne, in a large quarto, was on a lower shelf. On the lowest shelf of all were big folios, antique and somewhat dilapidated. The most ancient was bound in brown leather, now tattered and worn at the corners, "God's Revenge Against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther". It was an early seventeenth (or perhaps sixteenth) century compilation of grisly tales translated from the Italian, bloody tragedies, the perpetrators of which were invariably caught and executed in ways yet more bloody. On the title

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page and fly leaves were signatures in faded ink of many ancestors of our family, who had read the book generation after generation, and my father's signature was among them. Beside this terrific work was Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia", a very early edition in folio. The text is interspersed with numerous love sonnets and lyrics in the Elizabethan style, and several of these had been underscored and marked by some forefather of mine — one Daniel Hathorne (as the name was then spelled), evidently much in love in his day with a young woman named Mary Rondel, whose signature was likewise inscribed here and there. Daniel would mark some especially impassioned lyric and scribble on the margin, "Pray, Mistris, reade this as if I myselfe wrote it." Obviously, then, the two lovers had been wont to peruse the volume together — or he would pass it on to her as a sort of vicarious love letter.

And hereby hangs an odd little family ghost tale. My father, in his boyhood, had no doubt seen the marginal annotations, and perhaps guessed at their meaning; but after he went to Bowdoin College, at seventeen, the book, together with most of the others in the little domestic library, was transferred to the keeping of some relatives, the Misses Ingersoll. (It was only after our family returned from Europe, in 1860, that these volumes were brought back and placed in the little room in the west wing of the Wayside — where, of course, I saw them for the first time.) In 1858 we were residing in Florence, across the way from the Robert Brownings. Now, Mrs. Browning was at that time eagerly interested in spiritualism, and it happened that our governess had the fortune — or as she, being a skeptic, considered it, the misfortune — to be a medium: she did automatic writing. Her pencil would be controlled by the usual run of spiritual persons, chiefly alleged relatives of one or another of the circle, now defunct and descending from heaven to tell us to be good, that all was well, and that they were working for our benefit up yonder. Robert Browning disbelieved and scoffed, my father smiled with an arching of the eyebrow, Mrs. Browning listened prayerfully, and my mother regarded the transactions with reverential interest, if not with entire faith.

All of a sudden, in the midst of edifying and sanctimonious messages, the pencil was, as it were, violently seized — our governess barely keeping her fingers on it — and a name dashed onto the paper in a large, bold, irregular handwriting, quite different from that of any of the previous communicants — which, in fact, had seemed like feeble imitations of the governess's own. The communicant — a woman — went on to declare, in passionate haste, that she had been intimately connected with a member of the Hawthorne family, about a century before, and that she wanted the "sympathy" of Nathaniel Hawthorne!

There was a vibration of reality about this which startled all of us. There was a touch of almost savage desperation in it, nothing angelic, nothing edifying or persuasive. This was an actual person, with a suspicion of sulphur in her atmosphere, and she was grasping at an opportunity for which she had waited during three long generations. We all looked at my father, and Browning said, half laughing, "Well, Hawthorne, it's up to you!"

My father shook his head: he had never, to his knowledge, seen or heard the name before. It was a peculiar, unusual name, and in all my experience since that evening I have met with it in but one place — in the margin of the old volume of Sidney's "Arcadia",

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where it stands in faded brown ink — "Mary Rondel".

Poor, miserable Mary was at all events quite sure of herself, and of some wrong that had been done her by an ancestor of ours, which had caused her, as she stated, to die in hardship and unhappiness. When I opened the "Arcadia", six or seven years later, I was startled at the inscription and recalled the incident. Then I looked at a miniature on ivory of one Daniel Hathorne, commander of a privateer in the Revolution, a handsome, daredevil sort of fellow with ruddy cheeks and bold blue eyes. The miniature is on my desk as I write, but there is no picture of Mary Rondel, and the mystery of her appeal has never been unraveled. I recollect, however, that her irruption into our peaceful gathering in Florence broke up the meeting: no other spirit could get a hearing, and the circle, to the great relief of our governess, was discontinued.

Perhaps old, favorite books, which have been pored over by readers in previous centuries, may be haunted by their ghosts. One is sometimes half sensible of an emanation — an aura — from such volumes which invests the shelf on which they stand with an unaccountable, silent charm of companionship. Or is it the authors of them that bend over us as we read and are gratified at our attention? I think, at all events, that there is more about a good book than appears to eye and touch: its virtues live and affect us; the spirit that conceived and executed it is still operative.

What a marvel it is, after all, that a packet of paper cut up in oblong pieces and stitched together, and covered with little serried black marks, should powerfully influence the minds and lives of thousands, through many ages! Writing and reading are miracles so unfathomable that we are forced to consider them both intensely commonplace.

The money value of old books is in a different category, a puzzle of a kind less recondite. When, at last, it was decided to sell my father's books, partly because of the difficulty of avoiding loss and decay in a family so vagrant as ours, I made several surprising discoveries. There was a little old brown-leather bound volume, a good deal worn at the corners and otherwise defaced, roughly printed, and full of marginal notes in crabbed chirography together with the signatures of the writers — men of the Hawthorne family, beginning with the first emigrant, William Hathorne, who was also prominent in the events which the book described. It was called "The Wars with the Indians" and was, I learned, the first book printed in the American colonies. One might have picked it up on a second hand bookstall for ten cents, but the price it brought was unimaginable — so much by reason of its extreme rarity, and as much more, perhaps, on account of the scribblings with which it was defaced, or enriched, according to one's view of the matter. I can't name the exact figure, but there was money enough in that shabby pocket volume to build a good house or to make the tour of Europe.

There were others — for instance an array of ten superb folios, "English State Trials", containing verbatim reports of the trial and conviction (on no evidence to speak of) of the famous Captain Kidd and several hundred other cases, as interesting or more so: authentic material to supply scores of novelists from now till doomsday. . . . But I find myself at the end of my tether for today, with almost nothing done. Books, like women, are beguiling.

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MALE RAIMENT IN FICTION

By Castner Browder

W. L. GEORGE, commenting on "Clothes and the Novelist", has pointed out the necessity for the fiction writer properly to describe what his heroine wears, if he expects his feminine readers to visualize the character. It was the male novelist's own fault that critics used commonly to laugh at his descriptions of his heroine's attire. Says Mr. George:

> He had a way of conveying girlish innocence by garbing Angelina in "modest white muslin". The poor fellow did not know that there are two opinions as to the modesty of white muslin, so popular with Victorian mammas who wished to marry their daughters, and therefore found it advisable to allow the suitor, shall we say a suspicion of the youthful charms that sought his appreciation. He put blondes into "pale blue", (seldom specifying the material) brunettes into "flaming yellow", and the red headed heroines into "green", of which it was never revealed whether it was emerald, sage, bottle or apple. He seldom told whether the lady wore an afternoon frock, a luncheon frock, a demi toilette or full décolletage.

Mr. George dismisses the heroes of fiction with the remark: "I need not sketch my hero's clothes, because men dress practically alike, whatever their position or their mood, which women do not do."

How can a novelist say that? To the seeing eye men express their personalities by their dress more accurately than women. Women are frank in their avowed purpose to be as pretty as nature overwhelmed by art will allow; all their processes and methods are open and above board; they seek advice, opinions, and suggestions from all available sources and are quick to adopt any which seem good.

What does a man do? He goes off alone and without consultation or advice buys a green velour hat. He wears this hat for a while, and if none of his feminine friends or relatives remark that it is becoming, he soon tires of it and throws it away. Or he buys a necktie — in the same secretive way. The first time he wears it his wife, or some other woman whom he loves, exclaims:

"John, that is the most becoming tie you ever had."

John wears that tie until it falls into pieces, and then hunts for another one just like it.

Women are willing to accept the opinions of their friends about things to wear. A man rarely is. He has his own ideas and notions, and while he himself couldn't tell on what they are founded, they are closely connected with his vanity. Many a man who is apparently careless in dress takes an infinite if secret pride in his personal appearance. The tough takes pains to look tough, and the statesman never fails to look the part. And yet the attire of the city tough is as different from his fellow in Smithville as the clothes of the European ambassador are unlike those worn by the congressman from Arkansas.

On a car going into the city are fifty men, and no two of them dress practically alike. Take two extremes: a young bank clerk, who garbs himself in black and white, and a theatre ticket broker, not a single article of whose clothes is either black or white. The bank clerk belongs to the class who, let them tell it, are conservative in their tastes. The truth is they are men whose lives are controlled by fear; they fear comment or criticism, they have jobs which they fear to lose, and they fear to offend the opinions of others.

The ticket broker wears a green hat; his overcoat is henna and his suit of a similar shade; and a purple cravat, a silk shirt of rainbow hues, and violet

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hose showing above his tan shoes proclaim that whatever may be thought of his taste his courage is beyond question. Judged by some standards he is probably a vulgar young man, but manifestly he has qualities that are lacking in the bank clerk.

Suppose the novelist is trying to draw a faithful picture of the villain of his story. He writes:

"He wore a black derby hat, pressed down tightly over his low forehead. His red cravat glowed like a crimson splotch of color against the sombre background of his clothing. In its folds sparkled a glittering diamond. His well cut overcoat and suit of dark tweeds fitted his heavy figure perfectly. A green and yellow striped silk shirt, with collar to match, and tan shoes polished to an incredible brightness, completed the sartorial appearance of Donald Grace."

Isn't this picture of the man's clothes so villainous that no one could possibly mistake him for any but a rascal? Every reader knows that a hero could not wear such clothes. A character like Percy can be accurately portrayed — and perhaps sufficiently — by the statement that he wore fawn colored spats. Sinclair Lewis could have foreshadowed the unhappy life which Carol was to live with Dr. Will Kennicott if he had come flatly out and stated that the doctor appeared on a Sunday morning wearing a cutaway coat and tan shoes.

Mr. George says that the motto of the novelist is: "I am a man and nothing human can be alien to me." Why then should he not include in his curriculum the study of masculine raiment, than which nothing is more human? The clothes of a woman are easily described, but no writer has yet mastered the art of revealing a man by an accurate and interpretative description of his dress — what he wears and the way he wears it.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ARTHUR MACHEN

By John Gunther

LIKE H. M. Tomlinson in London, Arthur Machen in America is something of a legend — an esoteric soul dabbling in black magic, a starving journalist with inclinations toward necromancy, a prose artist of compelling merit who manages to make both himself and his prose highly mysterious. When you walk near Mr. Machen's house on a dark night, that legend becomes emphasized. It is a small house, set deep off a road in an obscure corner of St. John's Wood; and flanking this road are a series of gnarled, stunted trees, with curious malformations in their branches. It was a very dark night. Of course, purely by chance, a cat howled — a long sibilant moan echoing through the stillness. Mr. Machen's house is concealed both by the curious trees and by a tall, blank brick wall; set deep in this wall, like a rampart of a castle, is a heavy, ribbed door, a very stout door; and directly in the middle of the door, that kind of bell which is not pushed, but pulled. I pulled it. Deep within a cacophonous jangle reverberated through the silence. As I looked for a nameplate, and saw only "A. Machen, Esq." scrawled against the white pier in dark blue chalk, I wondered. Perhaps after all there is something to this black magic business.

But once inside the house, before a bubbling orange fire, talking to Mr. Machen himself, the illusion vanished. It was just as well. There is nothing of black magic in Mr. Machen's external

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makeup. Half a dozen people were seated around the fire, most of them old cronies; and one of them, when I heard him talk, I thought might well be the discursive interlocutor of "Hieroglyphics". Later, though, Mr. Machen told me that the speaker in that notable book was quite imaginary. Mrs. Machen was there, and suddenly from the floor above came a yell. It was a realistic yell. It was one of the children.

"Hilary is crying", explained Mrs. Machen.

"Cause him", rolled Mr. Machen in reply, "to cease."

Now that little remark, I discovered later, was very characteristic of the author of "The Hill of Dreams" and "The House of Souls". He didn't say, "Tell him to stop", because he doesn't think or talk in commonplace language. Instead, he intoned deeply, "Cause him to cease." At first I thought, listening to him, that Mr. Machen was a Johnsonian, an eighteenth century wit talking in rolling latinized phrases; that he should have sat 150 years ago with the good Samuel and his heady crew. But later, talking to him again in a friendly pub, it struck me that this modern spirit really wore the clothes of Coleridge. It was talk much like that reported from Coleridge; and I fancy that deep in his inmost heart Mr. Machen perhaps thinks so too.

At any rate, it is an enchanting performance. I have seldom listened to a better voice — deep, sonorous, something like Carl Sandburg's but with more flavor and variation. Later I wasn't surprised to hear that for many years Mr. Machen had been an actor. And I have seldom listened to better conversation — fluent, rhythmic, salty with wit, highly intoned. It is not a monologist's conversation; this speaker can stand interruptions; but if you close your eyes you can see rank on rank of audience before him.

What did he talk about? For one thing, his books.

Those books, like the work of so many artists of similar nature, are chapters, I think, in one long book. Perhaps Mr. Machen himself thinks this way about them. I don't know. But it seems fairly obvious that "The Hill of Dreams", his first major book, is but the primary section of a long romance which by its very nature must be continued in each successive book as long as the author lives and writes. That is, as a very young man, one theme compelled his attention to the exclusion of other themes; and his work shows little but a series of variations on that theme. With Mr. Machen it has always been a search for the relation of the inner realities of man, to put it crudely, to the outer realities: a search for and a compromise between the life of the spirit and the life of the flesh. In his own phrase, he has attempted in all his books a picaresque romance of the soul.

And this reminds me that Mr. Machen told me how he chanced across that phrase; and how it was the ultimate genesis of "The Hill of Dreams".

"Very many years ago," he said, "so many years ago that I shudder, I chanced across an edition of 'Tristram Shandy', edited by Charles Whibley. In his preface Whibley said that 'Gil Blas' was a picaresque of the body, that 'Don Quixote' was a picaresque of the body and mind, and that 'Tristram' was a picaresque, still again, purely of the mind. It seemed to me that Whibley had made a very nice distinction; and it also occurred to me what a supreme performance could be a picaresque of neither mind nor body but of those inner realities we can enclose with

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neither category — a picaresque of the soul — a 'Robinson Crusoe' of the spirit."

Thus began "The Hill of Dreams". That was in 1895. Mr. Machen said that writing it was pure torture, harrowing, unending pain. It was almost nine years before the book was published.

He had written other things, before "The Hill of Dreams". Living, he told me, in a cell ten feet by five near Notting Hill Gate, he had done his translations of Casanova and the "Heptameron" and had finished his "Anatomy of Tobacco". But even before that he had been writing. Let me raise no false hopes in collectors' bosoms; but I should like to announce that there is extant a bona fide Machen item which has never been collected, which was written at seventeen years of age and published in the remote far away of 1881 — and that it was a poem.

"What is more," said Mr. Machen, "it was an extremely bad poem. It was called 'Eleusinia'. I wrote it when I left school, within measuring distance of half a century ago, and there is only one copy in the world, a copy I myself am fortunate enough exclusively to possess."

After "The Hill of Dreams", as I say, Mr. Machen has been extending it, adding chapters to it. "The House of Souls" was an exploration of some of the curious byways of experience opened up, almost furtively, by the first masterpiece. "Hieroglyphics", which I find the most charming and readable of his books, is a corollary discourse on some of the problems of "The Hill of Dreams". Mr. Machen's last published novel, "The Secret Glory", is a further manifestation of the same ecstatic pursuit. The culmination, I think, has not been reached. But it never will be reached.

I asked Mr. Machen what further books we might expect from him. And he said:

"None. I shall write no more. I am sixty two and am very tired. My literary career, if you want to call it a literary career, is over, over for good and all. I am done. It has been a long day — almost forty five years long."

He is, by the way, a remarkably picturesque man, not only in conversation but in appearance. He reminded me of David Lloyd George, the Sphinx, a Benda mask, George Washington, Pan, W. J. Bryan, and his own Lucian in "The Hill of Dreams". There is grotesquerie in his face, and also beauty. Snow white hair, long and thick, cut horizontally in a heavy bob. Clouded blue eyes, very tired. Beautifully kept, waxlike hands. Red, glazed cheeks, which ball up and jell when he laughs. He met me at the friendly pub, which he said was one of the last of its kind in London, on a black day streaming with rain; he wore a long cape, what the Viennese call a *Loden*, tossed carelessly over his shoulders and reaching nearly to his ankles — and a hat perched on the snowy bob like a bird riding a wave.

He took off the hat and lifted a ruby liquid.

"This", he intoned, "is called a Garnet. It was not named, however, for its color. In fact, quite to the contrary, it was named for an American who drank it in place of breakfast."

It was delicious.

"The composition", he went on, "is an art. I find its ingredients satisfying and alluring, composed as it is of the austerity of angustura, the warmth of vermuth, the infinite and profound stability of gin."

Also, I have tasted another drink

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with Mr. Machen. The recipe is a mortal secret. He calls it "Dog and Duck" punch.

I wish I could quote some of Mr. Machen's *obiter dicta*. He has a savage wit. I should love, for instance, to put down his story telling how a Chicago firm and a Chicago journalist pirated two of his books, or his opinions-at-large on American literature, or his memories of Max Beerbohm, Aubrey Beardsley, and others of the Nineties, or what he thinks of Frank Harris, or his panacea for the Irish question ("Shoot them all, by God!"), or his miscellaneous recollections of the men he has met, friends and enemies, during his generation and a half of literary life.

Mr. Machen is a profound admirer of Hawthorne and Poe, among American authors, and for the work of Willa Cather, among the moderns. But many he has not read.

"As for Sherwood Anderson", he said, "he is naught."

Also, he has a low opinion of journalism. I asked him what his ten years on Fleet Street were like:

"Death", he said, "and damnation."

All writing is infinitely painful to him. The tortures of the composition of "The Hill of Dreams" are described in his preface to the American edition of that book. "Hieroglyphics" he wrote easily — it is his only book, he said, conceived in pleasure. He omitted 20,000 words from "The Secret Glory", by the way, this portion of the manuscript now being in the hands of Vincent Starrett.

"And I hope as the everlasting God looks on us both", said Mr. Machen, "that Mr. Vincent Starrett never violates my wish by printing it."

It is an ironic chance that his war tales, "The Bowman" and "The Angel of Mons", his only two slight fictions, are the only things he has ever written which have sold well. "The Angel of Mons", vividly and plausibly written, so convinced the British public of the existence of such angels that frequently, even now, soldiers and former soldiers claim to have seen them. But the tale was entirely Mr. Machen's invention.

"Anyone who says otherwise", he told me, "lies."

He is of the opinion that "The Hill of Dreams" is his best book, although now, he admitted, he could not bear to reread it. His phrase for it is that "it most nearly answers its design". That is a good phrase, I think, and a modest one.

"I am against liberty, progress, liberalism, education, and most of what is called civilization." This was the credo he gave me when I asked for one. But there was a twinkle in those cloudy blue eyes when he said it.

THE INWARDNESS OF THE COMIC STRIP

By Frank Weitenkampf

IT has become the thing to defend the comic supplement. There seems to be a fear of being considered highbrow if one does not smile approvingly on Babbitt as, in his Main Street home, "with the solemn face of a devotee, breathing heavily", he plods "nightly through every picture" of the comic section. We are told that the present day comics are funny — some of them are, very. That they express innocent, harmless fun — some of them do. That the strip artists "absolutely study and know their public"; that there is a demand for that sort of thing, therefore it exists. Quite so; much of the humor is of the street and subway, but often not of the best of that kind. And the dose is a bit strong when an entire page,

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and more, of an evening paper is filled with a string of comic strips. One writer averred that "the only way to destroy the demand is to educate the average man to a point where the demand for this kind of newspaper will

Reprinted from the New York World

not arise in him or his children, and the newspaper is itself doing this very thing faster than any other agency." No doubt. But meanwhile why treat the strip as an entity to be taken whole?

There is no doubt whatever of the cleverness of certain ones among the innumerable crowd of artists who today help us to the daily laugh. They are not so many in number. And most of them furnish single comics, not comic strips. For instance, Fontaine Fox, purveyor of drollery, author of the ridiculous little "Toonerville Trolley"; Gene Carr, projector of "Metropolitan Movies"; Gluyas Williams, whose odd insight into human nature was shown strongly in his "Ja, wir haben keine Bananen". And the strip men? There's C. A. Voight, who remains essentially the sketch artist and not the contortionist even though his "Petey" is unnaturally small with impossible pop eyes. Maurice Ketten, whose conventionalized figures, in the "Can you beat it?" series, with ring-indicated staring eyes, removing them a bit from reality, are yet set down with a suggestive finality of manner. Frueh, who remains individual in his whimsical synthesis when he cultivates the strip, which is not his forte. Herriman, whose "Krazy Kat" is so absolutely daft that he titillates one's sense of the subtle. McManus, who, in "Bringing up Father", offers the type, as Gilbert Seldes says, "of our national humor because the tragic hero of that popular cartoon series", with his longing for corned beef and cabbage, "is the type of our national life, which is still just a little uncomfortable in the seemly disposal of its recently acquired wealth and leisure".

But these are the exceptions. Fun, to not a few of the strip makers, consists in a hideous and often illogical distortion, or in faces of a dough-like amorphousness. Sometimes the thing is done with a certain distinction, as in Pop Momand's "Keeping up with the Joneses", in which the impossible little father, Aloysius McGinnis, is made an almost believable living being. Even "Mutt and Jeff", the ever popular, preposterous cutouts though they are, are often funny in a slapstick way, but just as often they are a bore. So are many others of these strips. Much of it all is not even funny. Much of it means wading through a lot of long-winded lettering to get at a joke that is not worth the candle. A poor little joke that is galvanized into an ephemeral existence by the antics of drawn

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figures that are simply manikins, with only the barest elements of characterization. Generally the artist's range is limited to a few types, and those restricted by conventions. The drawing is often beneath criticism. And the series run on in long drawn out tenuity.

The majority of the strips are not comic art at all, but humorous literature. The legend is the principal thing. In trying to place it as literature, one wonders just how much significance there is in its continual misspelling of quite common words. Surely, getting close to the people is not to be measured by a lack of primary school education. Perhaps the strip will be better understood and soonest mended if its literary character, such as it is, is realized.

We are living in our time and must expect its expression. But our present day makeup is a complex, even hybrid affair. Must only horseplay find expression, and is that to stand as the sole type of American humor? Does that attitude really express the majority of opinion? Even if it does, is the minority necessarily small, and, large or small, shall it not have its say?

A noteworthy feature in our comic part is a certain homespun quality, a healthy, artless, spontaneous humor. Here McCutcheon stands easily in the front rank. And there are Clare Briggs, whose children in "The days of real sport" have an "astonishing reality", as Seldes puts it; H. T. Webster, who strikes many a responsive chord in "The thrill that comes once in a lifetime" and "Life's darkest moment"; and others. This group does not represent high art but healthy feeling and expression.

A noteworthy feature in the majority of strips is the absence of originality. Conventions are rampant, stenciled conventions. One "cartoonist" copies another, adding perhaps some little original note which in turn becomes an oft repeated element that others copy, and so it goes on. Clare Briggs, for instance, begins a type of characterization (it is that, rather than a characterization of type), and others copy him, weakening the thing into tricks. For instance, the impossible distention of mouth into a laugh becomes idiotically distorted. Even the original pattern becomes stereotyped, standardized. It becomes no longer a question of style, manner, or even mannerism, but simply of stencils, quickly adopted by a horde of followers of second rate or less. Many of these artists are men of one idea and one set of types. They travel far on a very small capital of capability and invention, as in the never ending series "Percy and Ferdie", "Abie the Agent", "Cicero Sapp", "Joe's Car", "The Katzenjammer Kids", the last being Wilhelm Busch diluted to the last possibility. The conventions utilized run on like a property man's list: doughnut smoke rings, side stepping mouth, profuse drops of sweat, pop eyes, exclamation points and interrogation points starting from cranium to register surprise and query, black cloud hovering above to indicate gloom, musical notes floating from mouth to simulate whistling or singing, zigzag lines rising from forehead to picture the birth of an idea, figure falling backward or shooting upward to mark a climax. Besides all this there is a general return to the looped speech rising from the mouth, much used during about 1778–1866, always a somewhat infantile resource. Wallace Irwin, in the New York "Times" of October 22, 1911, characterized the colored comic supplements as "decidedly cockney, both in origin and method", and continued: "They are merely an American version of 'Alley Sloper's Half Holiday', show-

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ing the same tendency to make Peck's Bad Boy the hero, to celebrate the dill pickle as the classic model of wit, to weave the pun-draped Daffydil, and to indicate Comedy as a gentleman with green whiskers lying prone at the foot of a stairway with a galaxy of stars swimming around his fractured skull." And the New York "Evening Post's" "Bowling Green" of December 4, 1922, printed a "Questionnaire for a Comic Strip Artist", in which misspelling, supposed onomatopes, husband-wife-stenographer and similar combinations, roughneck treatment of husband coming home late, and other familiar — oh, so familiar — and threadbare tricks of the trade are neatly and compactly assembled.

The thing is being still more systematized by cartooning schools on the correspondence principle. And by books. Some of the latter do treat the matter in a bigger way. J. Campbell Cory's "The Cartoonist's Art" (1912), for instance, touches the wider associations of the political field and tries to give some idea of drawing. But the *pons asinorum* predominates. In manuals on "Building a Comic Strip", rubber stamp art is explained with definite assurance. "The main success of a comic", we are told, "lies in the selection of the leading character." Then follow recipes for characters: "flathead, dent in top — electric bulb nose" for dad; "egg edd" for ma; "lop ears, button eyes, one suspender, two teeth" for pal. Further, there follow ready-made expression and action for the mentally and technically impecunious. And boys come to public libraries to see these books and find the easy road to salaries of $50,000 or more. They come to art schools, too, to find the way, without wanting to go through any preliminary training in drawing.

Whatever good there is in all this newspaper contribution to caricature is there because the artist in question was an artist first and a humorist secondarily. That quality causes such work to stand out from and above the dreary output of the strip factories.

Some of the strongest work appears in political cartoons, where the spirit of Daumier finds its reflection, though faintly. Here are Cesare, Boardman Robinson, the younger Keppler, Cassel, Kirby, Fitzpatrick, and Darling, the latter the latest development of the "homespun" school, but homespun in idea rather than in execution. The caricature of such men is based on fundamental fact; that of not a few strip makers on fundamental distortion.

The latest advocate of the strip is Gilbert Seldes, who in his "Seven Lively Arts" weaves about this form of artistic activity a delightful texture of fine writing, a bit of literary speculation, especially on "Krazy Kat", that almost leads him to forget facts in the intoxicating fervor of his expression. Almost, but not quite. He finds "a great deal of monotonous stupidity, a cheap jocosity, a quantity of bad drawing. And the intellectual level, if that matters, is not high." But he picks out the best, the ones that are actually most "intellectual". Herriman's genius he considers "something apart, and his appearance among other strips only an accident". Making his selection for our benefit, Seldes continues: "These are the strips which come to life each day, without forcing, and which stay long in the memory. I am stating the case for the strip in general and have gone so far as to speak well of some I do not admire. The continued existence of others remains a mystery to me." The case may quite well be allowed to rest on that.

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THE NEW YORKER

The Argentines Arrive—"Rosmersholm" Excellently Revived—Gloria Swanson Returns in a Blaze of Glory—Serena Blandish and Mrs. Dalloway Arrive from England—Mr. Mencken Abandons Chicago as a Literary Centre—The Passing of Miss Lowell

NOW that summer is here the opera is over, the theatre is engaged in a delirium of experimental productions, and in the picture galleries the old masters which had been kept in the cellar all winter have been taken out to adorn the grey velvet in a forlorn hope that some millionaire in town for the day on business may, in seeking a cool spot, see them and purchase one or two that have been on hand for a good many years. The New Yorker, along with most of the journalistic, editorial, and theatrical population, has, like Cato, retired to rustic surroundings from which he emerges only when he finds the lettuces, the nasturtiums, and the endless expanse of open sea a poor substitute for roof gardens adorned with dusty palms and theatres draped in autumn leaves made of oilcloth. There are in the way of summer resorts much worse places than New York. Already the annual migration of diamond bedecked South Americans (who seem to regard Manhattan as a delirious, international Coney Island) has begun to swamp the hotels. Likewise the buyers from all parts of the country, and the tourists who share with them the responsibility for supporting the entertainments staged by Florenz Ziegfeld, Irving Berlin, George White, Charles B. Dillingham, the Messrs. Shubert, and others. The city is changed. It is more wild and less gay than in winter.

In the meanwhile, one or two serious productions have been put forth in the hope of capturing the rear guard of the "serious" audience. In their bandbox theatre in Fifty Second Street the Stagers, who did not pick so well in their initial production of E. Temple Thurston's "The Blue Peter", joined the fashion for revivals and selected a play by Henrik Ibsen. Their choice was "Rosmersholm", a play which in essence has always seemed to us a little idiotic; yet for this very reason it serves as a supreme example of Ibsen's immense power and genius for the theatre. If one related the plot simply, he would very likely be greeted with guffaws. Yet Ibsen, with the weird, unearthly, hypnotic power which he is so able to evoke, succeeds in reaching out and taking possession of his audience in such a way that one succumbs with a passionate interest that is, strange to say, not emotional but intellectual. It is less a drama of human creatures than one of ideas and ideals. In "The Wild Duck", which was written just before "Rosmersholm" (and may be viewed a half dozen blocks away), one feels that the author was torn between two inclinations; it marks in a sense the transition of Ibsen from one manner to another. "Rosmersholm" represents the complete break. In "The Wild Duck", it was the death of an ideal that tortured us far more than the death of Hedwig, which divided or rather shared with the former situation the dramatic tug

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of the play. In "Rosmersholm" it is the ideas, without much question, to which the audience responds. Toward the characters — Rebecca West, Rosmer, Dr. Kroll, and the others — one entertains but a cold, aloof impartiality. It is a matter of no deep concern that Rebecca and Rosmer leap into the mill stream and so perish. It is what perished with them and what created their destruction that is of interest. It is magic that a playwright could arouse in so intellectual a study an interest equal to that of the most heart rending emotional melodrama.

The cast and the directing of the Stagers' production gives full scope to the magic. We are inclined to award the first prize to the director, Edward Goodman, for the way in which he has created, by tempo and the movement of his actors, a certain breathless expectation of the final tragedy. The deaths of Rosmer and Rebecca are, to be sure, forecast superbly by Ibsen, but all that might easily have been lost, as such things are frequently lost, in the hands of a clumsy director and an incompetent cast. (The more we see of the theatre, the more we realize that any play is utterly at the mercy of the actors and the director.) The cast itself was admirably chosen, so admirably that it is difficult to say that one was any better or any worse than another. Margaret Wycherly was Rebecca; Warren Williams played Rosmer; Carl Anthony (hitherto unknown to us) was exactly right as Doctor Kroll; J. M. Kerrigan played the fantastic Ulric Brendel; Arthur Hughes, Mortensgaard; and Josephine Hull, Madame Helseth. The production is admirable. We wish all power to these new competitors in a theatrical world which too often moves in a miasma of blunders and stupidity.

One other play, "The Poor Nut", which comes, like "The Show-Off" and "Is Zat So?", directly out of the theatre itself by way of the talented Nugent family, proved to be excellent entertainment.

The month also brought the triumphant return of the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray (none other than our clever old friend Gloria Swanson) in an elaborate and magnificently staged motion picture adaptation of "Madame Sans-Gêne". In a turmoil of dinners, teas, and receptions (in which the Marquis sometimes came very near to being mislaid) the picture finally had a grand opening by invitation at five dollars a ticket at the Rivoli. The police reserves of two stations were called out to keep back a mob which blocked the traffic in Broadway and falsely identified each person who stepped from a taxicab. Bearded judges were greeted with cries of "There goes Charlie Chaplin!" and dowagers in tiaras were hailed with cries of "Mae Murray! — Our Mae!" The event was in character social, journalistic, theatrical, "moviesque", and other things, so that the confusion attained a high pitch. It was, as the old saying goes, a brilliant audience.

When at last the picture flickered upon the screen we found that the good old story was rather swamped amid state balls, mob scenes, and tea parties on the lawn at Compiègne. Also it was interrupted rather too frequently with such subtitles as, "This room was the one in which Napoleon always received his barber", so that at times it resembled one of those nature education films. It was a perfect orgy for an interior decorator. None the less we enjoyed it immensely, having a sad twist in the direction of the academic. It was rather like visiting the Metropolitan Museum. Miss Swanson ex-

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"The New Way" by Annie Nathan Meyer (French). Capably written attempt to dramatize a philosophy.

"Viewpoints in Modern Drama" by Francis K. W. Drury (American Library Association). A good check list of plays and books about plays.

"A Player Under Three Reigns" by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson (Little, Brown). A book filled with anecdote and information by this great and dignified figure in the drama.

"Our Fellow Shakespeare" by Horace J. Bridges (Covici). Human and readable essays on old themes.

"The Comic Spirit in Restoration Drama" by Henry Ten Eyck Perry (Yale). Balanced academic studies of a period in drama not too unlike our own.

"Dramatic Values" by C. E. Montague (Doubleday, Page). Charming essays on the drama by one of the best of contemporary English essayists.

"Old King Cole, and Other Mediæval Plays" by Josephine Elliott Krohn (Doran). Picturesque and imaginative children's plays.

"The Tragedie of Hamlet" by George MacDonald (Dutton). A special edition of this scholarly treatise.

"Laughing Anne; One Day More" by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page). The great novelist's two shorter plays — interesting study.

"Wild Birds" by Dan Totheroh (Doubleday, Page). This prize play from California has poetry in it and reads rather better than it played.

"Glamour" by Stark Young (Scribner). More of this remote critic's speculative but provocative essays.

"They Knew What They Wanted" by Sidney Howard (Doubleday, Page). The year's Pulitzer Prize play and well worthy of the prize.

"Rebel Smith" by Spencer Brodney (Siebel). A play of Australian life involving industrial as well as amatory problems.

"Dramatic Illustrations of Passages from the Second Part of 'The Pilgrim's Progress'" by Mrs. George MacDonald (Oxford). Seven scenes from the classic, as played by the MacDonald family between 1877 and 1887.

"The Little Father of the Wilderness" by Austin Strong and Lloyd Osbourne — "The Pathfinder" by Herman Ould — "Joan the Maid" by Herman Ould — "The Discovery" by Herman Ould — "Ann's Little Affair" by Harry Osborne — "The Imaginary Invalid" by Molière, translated by Barrett H. Clark (French). One act and longer plays suitable for amateurs, issued in compact, inexpensive editions.

erted the usual charm for which all else must be excused her; but she was, in the midst of a French cast, not very French, and at times we feared that she was on the verge of giving Napoleon a performance of her admirable imitation of Charlie Chaplin. Eleven years ago in a small town in the middle west we saw a movie of "Madame Sans-Gêne" in which Réjane played the title rôle. She was then an old woman and the sets were of cardboard. The gardens of Fontainebleau were painted on a backdrop and the furniture must have come out of a second hand shop on the Boulevard Raspail; but as drama it was far better stuff than New York paid five dollars a seat to witness at the Rivoli.

The Revolutionary scenes were excellently handled in Miss Swanson's picture, but they carried no more menace than the mob outside the theatre which waited in the street for three hours until the gilded doors disgorged their procession of Bendel

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clothes, dyed hair, lip sticks, and other Hollywood equipment. And the court which surrounded Marie-Louise in her unhappy lifetime was a cold blooded affair in comparison to the mob of admirers which escorted Miss Swanson breathlessly to the stage at the moment of her "personal appearance".

It is no intention of ours that these remarks should be interpreted as disparaging Miss Swanson. She understands her business perfectly. She is one of the few movie stars who carry their laurels well. She has a great flair for clothes. Indeed, she is altogether admirable. It is the rest of the human race (or the ninety nine per cent of it represented by the mob outside the door and by most of the mob inside) which discourages us. The movie producers, we fear, can never do anything free from hokum so long as they must depend on this mob for the quarters and half dollars that are the red corpuscles of the industry. Certainly life in America must be pretty terrible — more terrible than even Sinclair Lewis and "The Nation" would have us believe — if the need for escape is as violent as this spectacle seemed to indicate.

Two books came our way during the past month which gave us unusual pleasure. One was a gem called "Serena Blandish, or The Difficulty of Getting Married", ascribed to A Lady of Quality, and the other was "Mrs. Dalloway" by Virginia Woolf. Serena is a priceless picture of the kind of lady who has existed since the beginning of time and has a great number of sisters here among us in America. The book is laid in London and the author, whoever she may be, has every right to be described as A Lady of Quality. It is our wager that she is a lady by birth, an extremely intelligent woman, and one to whom life offers little more in experience. It is, we might say, the only completely sophisticated book we have ever read. By its side the works of Mr. Arlen might serve as textbooks for a Sunday School class. It is related as a fable. It is well written with an admirable restraint, and it possesses a civilized humor of the sort we have seldom encountered.

As to "Mrs. Dalloway", we hesitate to recommend it carelessly, believing as we do that in order to appreciate it fully one should attend a school of some sort established to educate readers for the works of this astonishingly clever writer. In period of time the book covers, in the fashion of Mr. Joyce, the events of one day in the life of Clarissa Dalloway, but the difference in the methods of Mr. Joyce and Mrs. Woolf is enormous. "Mrs. Dalloway" is a small, beautifully cut emerald and "Ulysses" is a large mass of uncut amethyst crystals. The author is a literary descendant from Henry James, twin brother in a fashion to Marcel Proust, another descendant of the Old Pretender. But here again there is a difference; Mrs. Woolf is as economical as Proust is prodigal. Her books are the distillations of a cold and brilliant intellect, while those included in "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" are the diffuse and patterned records of a sensuous and sensitive nature.

Mrs. Woolf has developed a method of her own which, beginning vaguely with "The Voyage Out", runs through a series of novels and culminates in the crystal perfection of "Mrs. Dalloway". Much credit is due "The Dial" for the work it has done in this country in her behalf. "Mrs. Dalloway" is not a "hammock novel". It requires thought and intelligence to read, but to us it seems worth any effort. We fancy that the novel of the coming generations

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will be not unlike "Mrs. Dalloway", and that one might as well begin at once to understand the changes. There is an interesting pamphlet available which sets forth the credo of Mrs. Woolf. It is called "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" and is the spark which set a fine controversy under way in London.

Not long ago we read in the "World" an article by Mr. Mencken on the regional sources of material which has come to him in the course of his editorial duties. It was a stormy article, and one which looked very bright but did not wash so well — a thing that is true of many yards of the calico printed in Baltimore. Barring the fact that there is undoubtedly a vast amount of material which by virtue of Mr. Mencken's own loudly announced tastes is not likely even to be sent him for consideration, he was not quite fair nor very convincing. He had his usual fling in the course of the article at the barrenness of New England. What leads us into this discussion is the death, not many days afterward, of Amy Lowell, a product of this same "barren ground". Mr. Mencken, it has been said, is a critic. In this we disagree, believing him to be far more a politician (baffled perhaps in his first youth by a leaning toward bad poetry); but that is beside the question. Granting him the title of "critic", we remain convinced that in the years to come, when Mr. Mencken is where it is no longer possible to be bumptious, it is Miss Lowell who will be remembered for her critical contributions and Mr. Mencken as a clever journalist known once as the Sage of Baltimore. Aside from her contributions to American poetry and the encouragement which extended to other and younger poets, the death of Miss Lowell is a serious loss. We have in America far too many journalists and far too few critics.

In writing this we wish to say that we do not come from New England. We are from the middle west, which the Sage of Baltimore seems on the eve of abandoning to oblivion in behalf of a south which stands girlishly on the threshold of a career rosy with a promise as brilliant as that of the Chicago school. (God rest its soul!) Chicago has been betrayed by Mr. Mencken; it is, he tells us, no longer the literary centre of America. The centre is slipping rapidly in the direction of Atlanta, home of the Ku Klux Klan.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, the Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

BRING! BRING! — Conrad Aiken — *Boni, Liveright.* A collection of short stories in which Mr. Aiken explores with a lantern murky caves of the subconscious.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS — Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews — Scribner. A lovely little fantasy of the Vatican.

*THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Iris March is still the perfect if not the perfectly nice heroine.

*MAY FAIR — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* "These Charming People" in their best bibs and tuckers. Arlen's finest.

FATHER ABRAHAM — Irving Bacheller — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A Lincoln background and a human story well told.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* The story of a famous love never dies — here Lady Hamilton is in lighter company than often.

THE WAY OF THE STARS — L. Adams Beck — *Dodd, Mead.* Egyptian mummies and Hindu Yogis heap up marvels in a thrilling tale of Indian life.

ANNA'S — C. Nina Boyle — *Seltzer.* Every individual in the book is harmed in some way by this modern Circe.

MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS — Mathilde Eiker — *Macmillan.* They adjust themselves variously to life through the medium of a competent story.

LOVE — "Elizabeth" — *Doubleday, Page.* "Elizabeth" is always delightful reading, but this account of the love of matron and youth doesn't quite ring true.

JUNGLE-BORN — John Eyton — *Century.* A boy, the apes who have raised him, a tanner, a money lender, his daughter, and a tiger play thrilling hide and seek.

THE LORING MYSTERY — Jeffery Farno — *Little, Brown.* Graceful romance surrounds a very special brand of murder.

*SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* The Pulitzer Prize did not have far to look for wholesomeness and excellent workmanship this year.

*A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace.* Race conflict and passions in an excellently conceived novel of the East.

*THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* The Forsyte family in younger phases march on.

*SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Masculine probings into the ways of love in the twentieth century.

THE RECKLESS LADY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The reckless spirit of today pictured in a mother and daughter — not quite equally reckless.

*BARREN GROUND — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* Exquisite prose and finesse in workmanship mark this story of a woman's struggle in the new south.

THE THUNDERING HERD — Zane Grey — *Harper.* The man's novelist recounts a tale of the vanishing buffalo.

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE — Francis Hackett — *Boni, Liveright.* A former literary editor creates literature of the tenderer passions, marriage included.

PAID IN FULL — Ian Hay — *Houghton Mifflin.* A lovable rascal wipes out all memory of his sins and goes out in a blaze of glory.

ETHAN QUEST — Harry Hervey — *Cosmopolitan.* Exotic backgrounds for a young man's soul pilgrimage. (*See page 587.*)

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*CRUEL FELLOWSHIP — Cyril Hume — *Doran.* Finely written study of a man's desires, frustrations, and grips with the fates. (*See page 585.*)

NUMEROUS TREASURE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* Nature and civilization struggle in man's breast and woman's, in the old South Seas where the primitive is said to be primitive.

*THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* Unreasonable people in a quixotic but reasonable tale.

THE ENCHANTED HILL — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* An enchanted and enchanting aviator leads an enchanted life.

SERENA BLANDISH — A Lady of Quality — *Doran.* Serena found it difficult to get a mate and tells about it with laughable sophistication. (*See page 581.*)

WHAT OF IT? — Ring Lardner — *Scribner.* More of Ring Lardner's strenuously American yarns. (*See page 587.*)

*ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* Romance and idealism illuminate the gory reaches of medicine.

RUGGED WATER — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Cape Cod life savers have sou'easters and other winds.

THE CARAWAYS — George Looms — *Doubleday, Page.* A well handled, realistic novel with an honest-to-goodness plot. (*See page 587.*)

ORPHAN ISLAND — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* Another island kingdom — but with a satirical quirk that is daring.

THE MYSTERY OF RED MARSH FARM — Archibald Marshall — *Dodd, Mead.* More remarkable for the excellent character drawing than for the negligible mystery.

*THE PAINTED VEIL — W. Somerset Maugham — *Doran.* A psychological thriller that is as soundly written as Mr. Maugham's best.

*GOD'S STEPCHILDREN — Sarah Gertrude Millin — *Liveright.* The marriage of missionary and Hottentot gives rise to an effective chronicle of four generations of mixed blood.

HIS WIFE-IN-LAW — Marie Conway Oemler — *Century.* A dramatic love story among southern marshes.

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — *Knopf.* The Nobel Prize cannot further dignify these solemn adventures of the soil.

THE CAROLINIAN — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* American dresses from this dependable French costume trunk.

THE GOLDEN DOOR — Evelyn Scott — *Seltzer.* A minutely detailed psychoanalytical study of a young man hounded by idealistic conceptions, and of the cruelty and saintliness they inspired in him.

*THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* Alix has recently been immortalized on the screen in her international but innocent *affaire de cœur.*

MARRIED ALIVE — Ralph Straus — *Holt.* Another professional woman hater reorganized as to viewpoint.

POWER — Arthur Stringer — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A sympathetic portrayal of a railroad magnate's benevolent despotism.

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST — Ben Travers — *Doubleday, Page.* Humor at large in large doses. (*See page 587.*)

THE COBWEB — Margaretta Tuttle — *Little, Brown.* Concerning Linda MacGrath, whose sturdy qualities enable her to cope successfully with the hectic life of New York.

*THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Beautifully told is the age old story of mother, daughter, and the same lover.

HELEN — Edward Lucas White — *Doran.* The Trojan flapper lives and conquers hearts anew.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* A jewel and the three Gestes make a fantastic gesture readable.

SEA HORSES — Francis Brett Young — *Knopf.* Portuguese East Africa is the theatre of a romance that will appeal to a wide range of readers.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. *"Norse Tales" by Hamilton Wright Mabie—simple retelling of the world's most virile legends.*

2. *"The Little Karoo" by Pauline Smith—as lovely as "Maria Chapdelaine"; stories of Dutch Africa.*

3. *"Criticism" by W. C. Brownell—a short essay by the stylist; illuminating and valuable.*

4. *"The White Company" by A. Conan Doyle—one of the best of historical romances.*

5. *"Adrienne Toner" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick—a better story even than "The Little French Girl".*

From the Nineties

THE opening sentence of Robert Morss Lovett's "Edith Wharton" (McBride) reads: "The decade of the 1890's in England has a definitely marked character." Of the early years of this period and those just preceding it, you will find a vivid and stimulating account in Osbert Burdett's "The Beardsley Period" (Boni, Liveright). There is much good writing in this book. Paragraph after paragraph demands quotation. I like this one:

> Queen Victoria's triumph was unparalleled, for she ruled not only the waves but the Muses, and east and west had met at her footstool. Queen Elizabeth, and doubtless other sovereigns, had inspired allegory and flattery, but she inspired solemn objurgation and religious hymns, not in honour of herself, of course, but in honour of the duty and responsibility of which she was the symbol and trustee. These had traditional forms for the awe that they must excite, but that the people's own heart should find spontaneous and dignified expression for them was immensely gratifying.

To return to Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Lovett was perhaps not a perfect choice as a critic of one whose social ideals he could not acclaim, yet he has written what seems to me one of the best critical brochures of the past few years. It is a far better performance than Carl Van Doren's "Cabell" in the same series. He gives not only a fine study of Mrs. Wharton's writing but a picture en route of the woman as well — not, perhaps, in terms of personality but in a rarely interpretative way. Mr. Lovett should write oftener in this vein. His book is excellent reading as well as a clear text for students of this most revered of our women novelists.

A Superb Analysis

IN his second novel Cyril Hume has written a far better book than his "Wife of the Centaur". "Cruel Fellowship" (Doran) was a difficult book for anyone to write; particularly, perhaps, for a young man. Yet he has taken the story of Claude Fisher and made it dramatic, moving, and profound. His detachment in drawing an amazingly clear portrait is not the least part of it. He does not argue for or against the character of Fisher. He simply shows him to us — a naked human soul, for better or for worse. Claude Fisher's life is a series of disasters, vivid and startling contacts with problems of life which must be faced even by those whose equipment is not adequate for the struggle. For a change, we have an absolutely normal attitude brought to bear upon the

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abnormal. Yet with what tenderness Hume manages to survey human weakness. He is never contemptuous of his hero — nor does he ever glorify his faults. It is not without reason that he has chosen the Fates as a symbol throughout his story. He has tried to write with the impartiality of fate and he has succeeded brilliantly. The story is told through the eyes of a third person. To some this may seem an awkward method. To me it simply emphasized the fine abstraction of the telling. The humanity of this book should make it widely read. How terribly true it is, only its readers can know. It proves to me that in Hume we have a novelist of distinction and rare artistry. At an early age, a novelist of mature power.

Spring Essays

WITH the exception of "Skyline Promenades" (Knopf), there is no reason for calling this group of books spring essays except that they were published in the spring. As to the "Promenades", seldom has a book of essays seemed to me to have so much real charm and quality as these accounts of mental and physical wanderings among the mountains by J. Brooks Atkinson. Perhaps that is because a real vacation means for me a walking trip with some such companion as the author of these philosophizings. Someone to cut one's most remote moods, to bring one to earth with a bang, yet who can swing a pack and appreciate a view. You will find much about literature as well as about nature in this book, and much about life, too. Mr. Atkinson is contemplative and kindly. He can be sharp, too. I like what he has to say about city dwellers:

> When enemies thus become more numerous than friends, and when even friendship sometimes fails under the stress of competition, it is natural that city life should breed the twin evils, Suspicion and Distrust. The city-dweller views with suspicion some of those he knows and most of those whom he *does not know but merely reads about.* At great cost to himself, alas! sometimes at the cost of his spiritual life, he has forced open the door of a house where he may live. Those whom fortune has placed in a position to thrust him out again he views with alarm. He makes friends only with those who are social equals, and affects an unctuous camaraderie towards his superiors. In those who are unlike him, who perchance profess a different religion or wear turbans instead of derbies, he has no confidence. Them he suspects of insidious rivalry, of coveting his markets; he distrusts their professions of faith because he knows his own to be false. Then war, "the purifier and the pestilence", breaks out. Even those in whose faces competition has left hard lines quaver at the cost, and to ease their distressed minds, give war a holy purpose, "descant on its vivifying virtues", and with renewed vigour invoke the divine mercy while they trample divine precepts under foot. In time the war is won or lost. But suspicion still remains.

William McFee's "Swallowing the Anchor" (Doubleday, Page) has in it some of his very best essays. To be sure, he seems at times to be a trifle didactic but, in the main, he is the same kindly, wise, amusing, philosophizing gentleman of the sea that he always was. Is it natural that I should like best the essays he wrote for this magazine? Perhaps my weakness is a human one. I do maintain, however, that "A Letter in Reply to a Young Gentleman of Yale University" is a masterpiece of wisdom and friendliness. This is a book which I can recommend with complete heartiness.

Virginia Woolf is a stylist of note. Her novel, "Mrs. Dalloway", published recently, has received high and merited praise. Her essays in "The Common Reader" (Harcourt, Brace) are even finer. She might well have dared call her book "The Uncommon

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Reader". There is a splendid series called "The Lives of the Obscure". There is a subtle piece "On Not Knowing Greek". There is a masterly study of George Eliot and one of Montaigne. To any lover of essays these three books should prove a rare treat.

Two Arresting Novels

GEORGE LOOMS writes well. "The Caraways" (Doubleday, Page) is his best novel so far, and it is a good piece of work. The story is interesting, the characterization good. John Caraway is a proud figure, and one beautifully drawn — vigorous, true, another of these business men with a soul. His business deals, his affairs of the heart, his friendship for and his dealings with Abner Poteet, the minister, are all real and all interesting. The latter half of the book, concerning the life of his illegitimate son, is less convincing but it all holds. As a realistic novel, "The Caraways" is good and it is absorbing. Its only lack is poetry of movement, flow of plot. It has in abundance the qualities which "Ethan Quest" (Cosmopolitan), another novel by a young man, lacks; but, on the other hand, "Ethan Quest" has those very qualities which would make "The Caraways" a better, perhaps even a great book. Nothing could make "Ethan Quest" a great book. It is mushy. Harry Hervey showed in his earlier books that he had an indubitable feeling for romance. He understands the longing of the human heart for strange scenes, the lure of the East to the office bound soul. Once you have overcome your dislike of his lush phrases and his curiously maudlin psychology, you read his book with much interest. Ethan, like so many young men with poetic instincts, leaves his wife and goes off in search of something better in the way of an ideal. Ethan dreams his way through oriental ports until he succumbs to disease in the rôle of a pseudo-Hawaiian balladist. I quote gladly a paragraph from page 326:

> And the voices mocked: "You've gone far! Just a step beyond that is True Artistry — and madness! The madness of Schopenhauer, of Wagner, of Gauguin! But that's the joke. You'll never reach it. Few will."

Humor: British and Native

RING LARDNER'S latest book of essays, sketches, and what not contains several masterpieces of humor. Take the title story "What of It?" (Scribner). There is mystery, tragedy, and much laughter in the idea of choosing a title for a play — and Mr. Lardner has captured it all. He flays for all time the absurdities of business formulæ with the squib "'In Conference'", and there is a rattling good bit called "Business is Business". I am inclined to think, however, that a book made up of such miscellaneous pieces is a mistake.

The farcical novel, "A Cuckoo in the Nest" (Doubleday, Page), may mark the advent of another P. G. Wodehouse. Perhaps Ben Travers will learn in time to avoid elaborate Briticisms. At any rate, he writes nonsense well, and there are many laughs in this story of an estranged couple. Far be it from me to complain of such things in an Englishman, but Mr. Travers seems to me occasionally a trifle forced and — very occasionally — a trifle vulgar.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

By Irwin Edman

ONE approaches a work entitled "The Creative Spirit" with something of misgiving. Under the protection of that beautiful phrase there has been too often, to quote a phrase also quoted by Mr. Brown, "the shimmer of high aspiration and extraordinary nonsense". In the name of that seductive ideal there has been a vast amount of foolish sentimentalism and of footless ecstasy. Mr. Brown's book is nothing of the sort. It is an extraordinarily sensible and solid inquiry into the conditions of American life which make for and against that spontaneous and self disciplined adventure we call creative activity.

In his introductory chapter Mr. Brown indulges in a procedure that might well be more often followed by those high priests of unction who talk loosely and breathlessly about the mysteries of art — he makes perfectly clear just what he is talking about. In prose which, if not distinguished, is distinguished by impeccable clarity, Mr. Brown reminds us what creative activity is, and in what sense it is life most alive. We are creative — and happy — in those moments and those doings when we are spontaneously and significantly reshaping things, situations, and our own emotions into something fresh and original, and something bearing, so to put it, our own signature. It is the kind of activity precisely the opposite of that illustrated by a machine. In his analysis Mr. Brown emphasizes the element of emotional verve which is the origin, the intellectual freshness which is the essence, and the spontaneous glow which accompanies and is the reward of creative action.

In so far as we are heightened and inventive in our doings — whether in industry, art, or social relations — we are artists. And, as Mr. Brown points out, only in so far as we have that heightening and inventiveness in our actions have we anything resembling positive and continual happiness. That touch of freedom and originality which is the mark of genius exists, to some degree, in all except imbeciles. But that potential electric of the spirit demands healthy conditions for its release, and where there is no release or opportunity there is frustration and spiritual death.

Mr. Brown's inquiry is twofold. He makes clear that life is fruitful and rewarding only where its temper is creative, and he finds American institutions by and large guilty of stifling such life. He begins with the church. Religion, through the ministry of the church, might contribute to the quickening of emotion, the revelation of new depths, the incitement to new reaches and new adventures of the spirit. But the church, like any other institution, has become professional, standardized, and institutional. The church building which might be a tangible and vivifying house of beauty is too often a drab meeting house. The minister who might be an interpreter and awakener of the life of the spirit has become an official, a lecturer and a social lion. The same is true of education. The teacher has become in most of our colleges and universities a

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cog in a system and an instrument in a hierarchy. He is engaged in rushing masses of standardized students through standard materials without friction and without fire. The students have become so many human units to be inhumanly diplomaed via so many credits for so many hours in so many courses. That enriching and freeing experience in cooperative thought and imagination which is truly education, they never have. It is possible neither to teacher nor to student in a system where the letter and the machinery have taken the place of the spirit and the man.

One by one, Mr. Brown ticks off the institutions which constitute the conditioning environment of American life. In none of them is the creative spirit nurtured, fortified, and freed. He recites with justice the oft quoted charges against industry. For better or for worse, the industrial system has come to stay. And with it have come grueling monotony, meaningless mechanism, and life quenching standardization.

The routine of industry has dominated not simply the work in the factory but the private life of the factory worker. It has made him live in a pattern house in a company street. It has narrowed him to the buying of standardized goods and subjected him to the insidious tyranny and death of standardized amusements. It has turned him into a machine no less fatal and clockwork than the machine he operates. These charges are terrible — and familiar — and true. It is a tribute to Mr. Brown's skill that he should make them sound with a fresh terror in our ears.

Mr. Brown's indictment of science has a more novel ring. Science indeed might be expected to be one of the most generous and liberating elements in the modern world. It has given us a sense of scrupulous and disinterested method, of imaginative reach and of beautiful and cosmic suggestion. But Mr. Brown shows how science has come to mean for the many only the synonym for a deadly and mechanistic materialism. And he shows also how remote to the experience of the average is the spirit of scientific method, that fertile and free and disciplined adventure of the mind.

Mr. Brown piles up the particulars of his indictment with quiet and unpassioned exactness. He has no special propaganda or bright particular solution. His book is simply a healthy emphasis of the fact that where there is no freedom of action there is no spirit, and where there is no creation there is no life. He is pointing to that survey of American life and the possible reconstruction in which there will be a soil wherein the creative spirit may flourish. He indicates briefly but suggestively the directions in which that reconstruction will occur.

It will mean, in the first place, that if industrial work cannot be less mechanical, there will at least have to be a chance for each workman to have some inventive and individual craft of his own. It will mean that art will have to cease to be something locked in museums, the refuge of the world weary, and the byplay of the wealthy. The spirit of creation is more hopefully found in those community theatres, those enterprises in music and in poetry and drama, where art is an experience shared and practised by normal, fullblooded, and normally free human beings.

Mr. Brown is pleading in essence for a consideration of what we may do in America to provide the conditions for genuine individuality, the play of personality on its own materials in the re-

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shaping of its own world. This ideal of life as fine and free art involves, as Mr. Brown seems to see, a radical overhauling of our established prejudices and routine institutions. Mr. Brown does not look to any magic to transform our world. He has simply and successfully tried to define where our *Kultur* falls short of being alive, in order that we may turn to seek life more abundant. He has done an excellent and necessary job.

The Creative Spirit. By Rollo Walter Brown. Harper and Brothers.

PRESENT DAY PORTRAITS OF JESUS

By Charles Francis Potter

THE eternal value of Jesus is that he belongs to all time and all places. Attempts to localize him, as in Mary Austin's "A Small Town Man", or to modernize him, as in Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows", are foredoomed to failure, for his acknowledged universal appeal is not limited geographically or chronologically.

When Mary Austin writes a book to prove him a small town man, we know beforehand that she may remind us that he was born in a village and spent most of his days there, but that her thesis can never be proved, with so much evidence against it. The phrase, "a small town man", has a distinct connotation of inferiority. It implies an individual of provincial ideas and limited horizons. It is true that historical criticism has revealed that Jesus had ideas about demon possession and the millennium which were local and temporary, but the world knows that the Man of Galilee was anything but a small town man. His was an eternal and universal life, although he lived at a certain time and in a very small place.

When Mr. Barton attempts to prove that Jesus was an American supersalesman born out of due time, we know that his thesis, too, is too much for any clever author to succeed in demonstrating. Indeed, we have a feeling almost of revulsion that anyone should try such a theme. We can suffer the Gideons to put Bibles in the hotels for the salvation of traveling salesmen, but Jesus as a suitcase-carrying drummer is altogether too much for our imaginations.

Mr. Barton confesses in his preface that his book was written as a protest against the idea of Jesus as "a pale young man with flabby forearms and a sad expression" who also wore "red whiskers". This conception was taught in the Sunday School which the author attended in his youth, and we sympathize with the boy's protest. But the defense mechanism which was then established developed such power that the grown man has gone to the other extreme. The picture which is drawn as an antithesis is just as repulsive, except to Rotarians and Babbitts. From the book we get a confused and rather painful impression of a muscular hiker who "slept outdoors and spent his days walking around his favorite lake". This he-man was a successful business organizer and at the same time "the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem". The Man Nobody Knows is a man whom few of us want to know. We have seen too many of the sort in the marts of New York City. One almost prefers the pale young man of the Sunday School charts of Mr. Barton's boyhood.

Such chapter headings as "The Executive", "His Advertisements", and "The Founder of Modern Busi-

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ness" shock us into attention. One gets the same impression of incongruity as comes from reading in recent translations of the gospels into Americanese, where "Yea, Lord" is rendered, "Yes, Sir." We read such chapters to see if their headings are justified and find them more ingenious than convincing.

The Bible verse following the title page, presumably as a text for the book, is from the incident of the twelve year old Jesus in the Temple, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's *business*?" The italics are Mr. Barton's, and are inexcusable from the point of view of accurate translation. As a matter of fact the word "business" is not in the Greek at all. When it was inserted by the King James translators to make English sense, the word "business" had not at all the commercial connotation which Mr. Barton gives it and upon which his whole thesis depends. The author forgets, evidently, that it was from that same temple a few years later that this same Jesus drove out with a whip of cords some very successful business men.

The titles of both books are unfortunate. There is an irritating arrogance in "The Man Nobody Knows: A Discovery of Jesus" as a title for a book about a man whom everybody knows. The author has no new material for his book: he can only give his interpretation of the source material which has been available for centuries. We do appreciate a certain vigor of expression and a refreshing insistence upon the manhood of Jesus, but Mr. Barton has made no discoveries.

Mrs. Austin's title is intriguing, but not justified by the contents. An accurate title would be "Jesus, the Mystic". The volume is a rewriting of her very fine book of 1915, "The Man Jesus". In this edition she has laid more emphasis upon the mystical side of Jesus's nature. She says in the preface that the present volume is carried out in the way she originally intended to write the book — the public was not ready for it at that time. Either volume is very readable and inspiring. It is the best book about Jesus ever written by a woman, and in parts and ways is better than any written by men. It takes a womanly intuition to bring out some phases of Jesus's universal character, and this study supplements all other biographies extant.

Nevertheless, Renan's "Life of Jesus" remains the best modern biography of the greatest character of history.

A Small Town Man. By Mary Austin. Harper and Brothers.
The Man Nobody Knows. By Bruce Barton. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

TO SPANK OR NOT TO SPANK

By Eva v. B. Hansl

UNTIL the editor sent me the latest batch of books on child training to review, I thought the subject of spanking had been settled long ago in favor of spoiling the child and sparing the rod. But here, within one week, a college professor pleads for a short snappy spank instead of a long verbal lecture-beating, two Senators in the legislature of the State of Michigan introduce two bills to restore the whipping post, and a New York publishing house issues a book — "Beginning the Child's Education" by Ella Frances Lynch — which is a thinly disguised plea for the reinstatement of the ancient and lately dishonored switch in the home.

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The title of the book, combined with its insistence that "a nice little switch on the legs" is the most effective means of obtaining obedience and that strict obedience is a prerequisite for all other lessons of life, reminds me of a passage in another book which has recently come from the press, "Lifting Mist", a novel of English schoolboy life by Austin Harrison:

> Many years back, he had stolen a ball from a shop and his nurse had reported it. His father had called him into his study. On the table was a riding whip.
>
> "There is only one thing to be done", his father had said, pointing to the whip.
>
> "I know", Sam had replied.
>
> "Undress", said his father.
>
> Sam did so and then his father broke down.
>
> "Go", he said. "I cannot strike you. Perhaps you will understand honor better if you are *not* whipped."
>
> Sam did understand. He respected his father for respecting him. He never stole again; never felt any inclination to. All that was years ago, yet to the boy a very living memory. It was his first experience of right and wrong, and he had been given his chance. That was right of his father. Had his father flogged him, he might not have cared, might have resented it. But, put upon his honor, he felt bound for the sake of others, and to betray them was cowardice.

That passage, to me, sounds much more understanding of the real motivations of childhood than anything in Miss Lynch's book. If she knows what the newer psychology is revealing, she doesn't admit it. She doesn't want to know, I believe; she wants to cling to the old tenets. I wonder: was she benefited by the rod so much that she wants posterity not to be cheated, or is she taking out on the new generation what she herself suffered?

"If experience teaches her to associate pain with her outbursts of temper, she will soon put forth energy to regain self-control", she writes. Or again, "This habit [of obedience] cannot be established without resorting to punishment. To secure this, fear is necessary and right. We love God but we also fear Him. If we did not fear His wrath . . . we would not obey Him. . . . Fear is a necessary and proper means of exacting obedience during the early years when explanations do not explain — when the child is too young to reason with. . . . The more reasons you give now the more you will need to explain later.

"A child would far rather obey a command than comply with a request." How does she know? Did she ever try the other method? And even if it were true, what a relationship she establishes by giving commands rather than making requests of children. Would she really rather establish a world of Prussian military camps than a League of Nations?

I should not have spent so many words on this book when there are so many good ones to review, were Miss Lynch's pernicious doctrine not so dangerous. It permeates her books to such an extent that the value of all her excellent suggestions about beginning the child's education at home by training in observation, etc., is practically nullified. It doesn't matter to me very much what she has to say so long as she always dangles that "nice little switch" around while she says it.

What a complete contrast we find in Dr. Ira S. Wile's "The Challenge of Childhood". Seldom have I encountered a more sympathetic (and not sentimental but understanding) explanation of the real motives and causes of children's behavior. Dr. Wile is not an adult judging from without; he is "one of us" seeing from within. He makes you realize the full meaning of the French phrase, "*tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*". I wish his style were as lucid as his

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ideas: i.e., I wish he could make us understand his diagnosis as easily as he understands and diagnoses the problems that come before him at the Health Clinic of Mt. Sinai Hospital. In spite of his technical vocabulary, however, his book is thrilling reading. He has handled his material in the case method, giving each of his fifty cases a fictitious child's name and using each case to illustrate the points he has made in his five introductions — one for the book, and one each for four divisions: physical, intellectual, emotional, and social problems.

Two little books, easy to read and chock full of common sense, are "Wholesome Childhood" by Ernest R. and Gladys H. Groves and "From Infancy to Childhood" by Dr. Richard M. Smith, all of Boston. The latter is as sensible a little book as was ever compressed within one hundred short pages. Its last chapter, "Training and Education", is alone worth the purchase price. Let us see what Dr. Smith has to say about spanking, obedience, and punishment:

> Every child must be taught to obey. This is difficult to accomplish but the trouble is more often with the parents than with the child. Obedience is based on the confidence of a child in his parents. It is prompted by mutual affection and by a recognition of this by the child. The attitude of the parent toward a child should be reasonable and not arbitrary.
>
> Punishment is one of the hardest subjects to discuss because it is such a personal matter. The object of punishment is not to inflict physical or mental pain but to impress upon a child the importance of obedience. . . . Unless punishment accomplishes this object it fails in its purpose. . . . If possible, the reason a child said or did the forbidden thing or failed to act in accordance with the parent's wish should be discovered. Then if punishment is necessary it is desirable to make it fit the crime: to make the punishment bear some evident relation to the misdeed. . . . Spanking is an admission that physical force is the only method of control: acknowledgment of failure.

One could quote at length from the Grove book, too. But this, valuable as its point of view and advice may be, suffers from a poor arrangement of material. If it is intended as a book for immediate consumption, like a novel, it should not hop from one subject to another as it frequently does, without transition or obvious connection; if it is intended as a textbook, it should have subdivisions or paragraph headings to guide the reader in its use.

Dr. Louis Fischer, medical director of the Infantorium and of the Heckscher Foundation and Nursery, New York City, has brought his book "The Health-Care of the Baby" completely up to date in the fifteenth edition. Its especial value, it seems to me, is for the mother, the physician, or the nurse who is dealing with delicate babies or those who present difficult problems of feeding. For the average mother of a normal, healthy baby there is a little too much of the air of the hospital about the book — an air of apprehension and symptom hunting. Dr. Smith's book, on the other hand, has an air of wholesomeness, of freedom from worry, so long as we follow the rules. Its emphasis is laid upon the ounce of prevention, whereas Dr. Fischer appears to be concerned with the pound of cure. There is the difference in these two books, I think, that lies between the preventive and the curative aspects of medical practice.

Quite the most scholarly book in the present collection is "Child Hygiene" by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, whose pioneer work in this field is well known the world over. Although intended, with its charts, graphs, tables, and other statistical material, as a textbook for students of the subject, it makes absorbing reading for the lay person interested in child welfare, for

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it is well written and never dull. Tracing the history and evolution of child hygiene from the earliest glimmerings in the days of Romulus and Lycurgus, Dr. Baker considers in turn the mother, the infant, the pre-school child and the school child, as well as the organization and administration of child hygiene departments of city, state, or federal government. She is obliged to limit her subject to the United States; nevertheless, she introduces sufficient comparative data to make us alternately ashamed and proud of our accomplishments in this direction if we agree with Mr. Hoover when he says: "The children are the army with which we march to progress."

Beginning the Child's Education. By Ella Frances Lynch. Harper and Brothers.
The Challenge of Childhood. By Ira S. Wile, M.S., M.D. Thomas Seltzer.
Wholesome Childhood. By Ernest R. and Gladys H. Groves. Houghton Mifflin Company.
From Infancy to Childhood. By Richard M. Smith, M.D. Little, Brown and Company.
The Health-Care of the Baby. By Louis Fischer, M.D. Funk and Wagnalls.
Child Hygiene. By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., Dr. P.H. Harper and Brothers.

NEW ENGLAND PASTELS

By Gerald Hewes Carson

"A REPORTER", remarks Willa Cather in her introduction to the two volumes of stories she has extracted from the work of Sarah Orne Jewett, "can write equally well about everything that is presented to his view, but a creative writer can do his best only with what lies within the range and character of his talent."

That may stand as a concise statement of what Sarah Orne Jewett was and was not. She was not a reporter. Though she lived nine years into the present century, and was witness to the rise of the journalistic short story, Miss Jewett steadfastly portrayed the order of life, the types of character, which she knew best, and which lay within the range of her own peculiarly personal point of view.

The order of life which Miss Jewett wrote about was that of rural New England or, more locally, Maine coastal village folk. Romantic as Wordsworth was romantic, Miss Jewett's stories were purposed, as Wordsworth's poems were, to show "incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature".

In the country, character is more sharply individualized. American men and women who win their bread by farming or fishing or working otherwise in partnership with the inscrutable and quixotic forces of nature have always had a turn for both philosophy and common sense, and a rich, eccentric, colloquial idiom in which to express their sense and sentiment. This was true of the California of Bret Harte, of the Missouri of Mark Twain, as it was also true of the Maine of Sarah Orne Jewett. The fact that the homely speech of a generation which has passed is being forced out by the exigencies of a changing civilization (many expressions such as "summer kitchen" or "smokehouse" are obsolescent because the things themselves

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have ceased to exist) furnishes all the more reason for our treasuring the "sayings" of Miss Jewett's delightful Yankees.

It is unfair to refer to these stories as dialogue stories; the word smacks too much of literary convention. What Miss Jewett did was to transcribe *speech* with only the slightest loss in fidelity and reality, playing obliquely the while all the wealth of her own arch humor and ready understanding upon the characters she had created.

The first volume contains Miss Cather's preface and twenty four stories known collectively as "The Country of the Pointed Firs", which first appeared in 1896. The second volume contains eleven notable stories of which the best are perhaps "The Hiltons' Holiday", "The Dulham Ladies", and "A White Heron".

Sarah Orne Jewett occupies a position midway between Rose Terry Cooke and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in her art and technique, just as her New England — a sunny New England well into its silver age, looking back upon more spacious days — falls between the New England of youthful prime and of economic desuetude. Today, the tradition in which she worked is really more closely approximated by the poetry of Robert Frost than by the fiction of Mrs. Wharton or W. D. Steele. Simple folk ways, and folk themselves, the genre drama of spare, closely girt lives, these were the preoccupation of the delicate lady from South Berwick.

The art of Sarah Orne Jewett is not false because it is so limited. All art is selective, and each artist is free to govern his own selectivity by his own tastes and talents. Miss Jewett's success in the narrow field she cultivated was such that Miss Cather, who shows herself a fine and generous appreciator, makes bold to classify "The Country of the Pointed Firs" with "The Scarlet Letter" and "Huckleberry Finn" as "three American books which have the possibility of a long, long life".

The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett. Selected by Willa Cather. Houghton Mifflin Company.

E. A. ROBINSON AND SOME OTHERS

By Herbert S. Gorman

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (who must not be blamed at all for this departure from his usual routine) has won another prize. This time it is the Pulitzer award, and the book that induced the judges to their decision was "The Man Who Died Twice". The Pulitzer award would seem to be unlike lightning in that it strikes twice in the same place. This is the second of these prizes that Mr. Robinson has received, winning for him so signal an honor as a place in the same news column with Edna Ferber. And now Mr. Robinson, unabashed by the honors heaped upon him, has produced another book, this time a volume of shorter pieces. "Dionysus in Doubt", it is to be suspected, will grieve some of his readers and delight others. For lovers of poetry it will prove one of those rare treats which Mr. Robinson prepares so quietly and so well. Here are included eighteen sonnets, all of them distinguished and the cream of them to be placed among the poet's best work. Here, too, is that keen and effective short narrative, "Mortmain", which originally appeared in "Poetry" under the title of "Avenel Grey". Also to be found is the dramatic dialogue, "Genevieve and Alexandra".

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And — here is where the grievances come in — the reader will find "Dionysus in Doubt" and "Demos and Dionysus", two poems that are in themselves rather disconcerting accusations directed at an over-legislated land where the privilege of independent living has become a mean dependency of an organized Drive for Salvation. Reform bodies and evangelical dyspeptics will hardly grow enthusiastic over this presentation of a land where

predatory love
In freedom's name invades the last alcove.

This Dionysus, "flame-born of Zeus and of a burning mother", who directs his keen and epigrammatic remarks against those Galahads in high hats whose

abrupt and arbitrary ways
Of capturing and harnessing salvation
With nets and ropes of words that never meant
Before so little as in these tiresome days
Of tireless legislation . . .

is the voice of an old and noble freedom speaking. It is not the explosion of a hasty and intemperate desire for license but a calm and deeply reasoned sociological examination. Unlike any of Mr. Robinson's other poems, both "Dionysus in Doubt" and "Demos and Dionysus" are grave and semi-dynamic descents into the crowded marketplace of our turbulent era. Because of this the reasoning in these two poems will find both adherents and opponents. One must turn to the sonnets to leave the vexed battlefield, for in those perfectly constituted, fourteen line structures of magic the unmistakable accents of a great poet are speaking. "The Sheaves", with its impressive ending, an ending that grows on the reader the oftener he peruses this poem, is a fair example of these sonnets that star "Dionysus in Doubt" like unflawed jewels:

Where long the shadows of the wind had rolled,
Green wheat was yielding to the change assigned;
And as by some vast magic undivined
The world was turning slowly into gold.
Like nothing that was ever bought or sold
It waited there, the body and the mind;
And with a mighty meaning of a kind
That tells the more the more it is not told.

So in a land where all days are not fair,
Fair days went on till on another day
A thousand golden sheaves were lying there,
Shining and still, but not for long to stay —
As if a thousand girls with golden hair
Might rise from where they slept and go away.

In turning from Mr. Robinson's book to the seven other volumes that wait patiently in their brand new little dusters for consideration, the reviewer is haunted by a dim line from Verlaine — "*et tout le reste est littérature*". But is it? Of John Drinkwater's "New Poems" one may say with some degree of assurance that it is finely written, that it is impressive, that it is mature, and yet, and yet. . . . It is cold, cold. Mr. Drinkwater writes in a freezing temperature. His precision of technique and logical thought but emphasizes this fact. The hot untempered blood of inspiration is not to be found in his poetry, although one may read that poetry with some degree of pleasure. It would be classical if the beat of life were in it. If Mr. Drinkwater could rise just a bit above that plane that limits him from unquestionably fine poetry, he would be one of the major figures in an England that is less starred with such phœnixes than the casual reader imagines. But Mr. Drinkwater cannot get so far. With perfected technique, with a balanced maturity and an assiduous application, he lacks that one little gift of the gods that might have established him for all time. Not even the lucky accident of "Abraham Lincoln" can save Mr. Drinkwater.

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The jump to "The Venture" by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie is made with some relief, for there is a rippling lyrical note about her work that is unforced and charming in itself. "The Venture" is a book of distinct limitations, an unimportant offering, but it is both musical and pleasing. One likes Miss Mackenzie for what she is — the much misused words "minor poet" fit her — and because she pretends to offer no more than a series of personal moods and observations. When she writes:

> She was the little wind that falls
> Before the falling of the rain;
> She was the one and early star
> We lose and see and lose again.
>
> She was the pang of the caress
> That is too brief for our delight;
> She was the torch another bore
> And passed us in the night,

we are satisfied because we have expected no more. It is such spontaneous and unlabored poetry as this that creeps into anthologies and achieves an endurance that is not the good fortune of more ambitious labors.

Three more women remain to be considered before the two men who have published books of verse are ventured upon. There is no similarity between these three women. Margaret Tod Ritter, in "Mirrors", shows a precise touch, a melodic sense, and an adequate grasp of the sonnet form. She makes her mistake in writing pseudo-Irish poems about leprecauns, may, and witchcraft. For all the writer knows, Miss Ritter may be Irish, but that does not change the bogus quality of her attempts at Celtic expression. When she is at her best and simplest, however, she catches an authentic atmosphere and is well worth reading. Take "Sonata Appassionata", for instance:

> Thou art my silver lyre, my lute of jade,
> I touch thee reverently; thy wrist, thy brow,
> While from so brief an ecstasy is made
> A song of worship. Harp and cello, thou,
> O'er which my bow-hand passes with a sweep
> Of minor chords. Beloved, close thine eyes
> That I may find what semi-tones of sleep
> Weigh down the moth-white lids. Thou art the rise
> Appassionata of a golden reed
> Singing the songs of Pan, thou art the fall
> Of drum and organ throbbing out the need
> Of human love. Beloved, thou art all
> The melody of life. Thou art the string
> I shall have broken when I cease to sing.

In spite of all the irritating "thou arts" in this sonnet, in spite of its certain echoing of a thousand and one vanished bards, there is something pleasing about it.

Dorothy Dow is of a different school. "Will-o'-the-Wisp" is almost solely concerned with what for want of a better phrase we may call "sophisticated love poetry". It doesn't bite very hard. Lacking both depth and impressiveness, its sole appeal is implicit in a certain passionate earnestness of expression and a fair lyrical quality. Here are the usual stanzas about love vanishing overnight. The titles are an index to the book. "For a Man", "For Another Man", "The Crillon, 1924", "The Rose Grows Old", "Lost Lady", "Cabaret", "End of the Play", "Harlot", "Between Last Night and This", "End of Loveliness", "O, Let Death", "How Do I Love You", and so on to the last line where Beauty returns, as usual, on unreluctant feet, this is the measure of Miss Dow's book.

"The Wandering Eros" by Martha Dickinson Bianchi is another book that does not bite. It is archaic for the most part, repetitious in thought, and lacking in any fine elements of inspiration. The author is scholarly and evidently fully aware of the technical demands of verse, but she is far from

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being touched by the fire that stirred that near relative of hers, Emily Dickinson.

And so we come to the two men who have been waiting patiently all this while. Frederick Niven is indubitably mature and "A Lover of the Land" is, on the whole, a charming book. Its only fault is the usual fault — a prosaic inspiration. "The Dark Tower" by Albert Brush suffers from the wrong young man's coming to the tower. According to the last line on page 30 ". . . brave Childe Harold to the dark tower came." This puts Childe Roland's nose out of joint with a vengeance, for that Dark Tower was his own particular tower, as any reader of Browning will bear witness. Now this error is symbolic of Mr. Brush's little book: he is hasty, writing too carelessly. This is regrettable, for he seems to show a well defined lyric urge and sensitivity to the world about him. There is decidedly hope for him. But he mustn't mix up Lord Byron's Childe Harold and Browning's Childe Roland. They were not related.

Dionysus in Doubt. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan Company.
New Poems. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Venture. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Mirrors. By Margaret Tod Ritter. Macmillan Company.
Will-o'-the-Wisp. By Dorothy Dow. Boni and Liveright.
The Wandering Eros. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Houghton Mifflin Company.
A Lover of the Land. By Frederick Niven. Boni and Liveright.
The Dark Tower. By Albert Brush. Egmont H. Arens.

DUSK IN THE LOW COUNTRY

By DuBose Heyward

A LEAGUE of broomgrass, rose, and mauve, and umber,
Gashed by a road into the setting sun;
Three heavy laden carts that groan and lumber
Toward the woods, then vanish one by one.
A line of scarlet, and a blur of madder
Behind the trees. The resting earth exhales
Warm, humid dusk; and infinitely sadder
Than death or birth, a lone marsh creature wails.

Land of wide beauty, and eternal waiting,
You have made loneliness a thing to seek.
How small our loving seems, how little hating,
How less than breath the scattered words we speak.
Here where the æons pass, and seasons flutter
Like sun and shade across your ample breast,
Your silence thunders down the songs I utter,
Who came to be your singer, and your guest.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE little volume "Henry Cabot Lodge" (Houghton Mifflin) by Bishop William Lawrence is a model of what such an appreciative biographical sketch should be. It is just that: an unpretentious tribute by a lifelong friend, a personal evaluation of its subject as man, as scholar and historian, and as statesman. But Bishop Lawrence is not uncritical: nor is he ever fulsome. He has nowhere overdone it, and he has managed to present in brief outline an extraordinarily comprehensive study, with adequate background, so that the book has solid value as a bit of contemporary history. Yet the chief thing that emerges is a strikingly clear, vivid portrait of the man: a portrait that gives the reader a feeling that this is a remarkable likeness. Senator Lodge's place in the history of the past fifty years is, of course, a matter for the critical appraisal of the future historian; pending that, one may naturally expect a complete, critical biography. But this brilliant personal sketch will not be superseded: it is entitled to a place of its own, both as a footnote to history and as a piece of literature.

In view of the flaring commercialism of our times, the materialism that threatens to smother the arts, the political corruption and the economic class rule that brings rigid objections to child labor amendments and minimum wage laws, it is somewhat surprising to be told that America is a "nation of idealists". It is particularly surprising when this announcement comes from one who has written the "History of the Great American Fortunes" and the "History of Tammany Hall". Yet that Americans are fundamentally humane, benevolent and self sacrificing is the contention of Gustavus Myers in "The History of American Idealism" (Boni, Liveright). The author's method is a simple one: he painstakingly brings to bear numerous examples of American altruism, and quite as painstakingly omits the no less numerous examples of that which could hardly be mistaken for altruism. Quite in keeping with the tone of the book is the statement of Calvin Coolidge, quoted on the jacket: "The chief ideal of the American people is idealism." Mr. Myers himself is fully as original and perspicacious: he demonstrates that idealism is an ideal with us, but not that it is something attained.

In "Mere Mortals" (Doran), the inevitable sequel to "Post Mortem" of startling memory, Dr. C. MacLaurin of Sydney has done his bit in the contemporary psychophysical sweepstakes, and with a degree of fascination. His not to repeat the popular interpretation of great men that slowly broadens down from grandmother to grandmother. His to take a keen professional look at the hero of yesteryear and tell us what ailed him that he has grown so great. If it appears that the character of King Henry the Saint was largely the result of too many spankings in his infancy, that Dr. Johnson was frightened all his life at Queen Anne, that Luther's religious views grew from an earache — well, that is what appears. The Tudors, Ivan the Terrible, Frederick the Great,

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Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Spinoza are only a few of the subjects of Dr. MacLaurin's scrutiny. The difficulty of completely explaining such persons as these on purely medical grounds is similar to that involved in squaring the circle or inventing perpetual motion. At least our author has steered fairly clear of the temptation to belittle end products because of lowly origins — a weakness that mars the work of some of the diagnosticians in his field. The intention stated in "Post Mortem" "to throw such light upon them [great persons] as is possible as regards their physical condition; and to consider how far their actions were influenced by their health", has been fulfilled, if we take into account the unavoidable limitations of the method. There can be no irrefragable proofs in the circumstances. Some of the links, as it were, are missing. Dr. MacLaurin himself reminds us that there can be no real diagnosis without seeing the patient. He has not seen the patients, but he has seen their pictures, and is able to exclaim over a painting of Queen Elizabeth, "That is not the portrait of a loose woman!" Here is good reading.

"He knows not France who knows not the Pyrenees." The same might also be said of Spain, which claims a generous portion of this land of adventure that has tempted brigands and gipsies and wandering soldiers of fortune since the days of Roland. In more recent times, it has been the retreat of Charlemagne, Hannibal, and summer voyagers not content with the Strand and the Rue de la Paix. One of these was Paul Wilstach, who came back with a book half written and has subsequently put on the finishing touches. "Along the Pyrenees" (Bobbs-Merrill) is nothing if not thorough. It abounds with facts, photographs, maps, routes, and suggestions for travel; yet it possesses, in full measure, what so many so called travel books possess not at all — charm. To read "Along the Pyrenees" is to promise oneself a glimpse of this region during the next trip abroad.

> Carcassonne, Perpignan, Mont Perdu, Pau!
> Cauterets, Ax-les-Thermes, Lourdes, Roncevaux!

There is poetry in the sound of the names, says the author; they march, they sing, they trip out with rhythm! And so does the reader sing as he marches along through Mr. Wilstach's melodious pages. Now and then, even the most sedate will find himself tripping rhythmically to the accompaniment of lutes and the songs of forgotten troubadours, and at no time will the journey be a wearisome one.

Are prejudice and legal disability all that prevent women from equaling the achievements of men, asks Dr. Paul Bousfield in "Sex and Civilization" (Dutton). In answer he contends not only that women's physical disabilities are exaggerated, but that their temperamental disabilities, though at present genuine, are entirely artificial, the product of environmental influences from earliest childhood. This he demonstrates as follows: Psychic energy is of one kind in male and female. A normal human being, moreover, applies this energy to various sexual aims in the same order in which they have occurred in biological evolution: first to autosexuality, then to homosexuality, and finally to heterosexuality; and whatever energy is not absorbed by erotic activities is set free for application to other purposes (sublimation). The difference, then, between male and female is only this: The male is allowed to complete the development,

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so that such erotic energy as he employs is concentrated on the normal act of sex, is therefore small in quantity, and leaves a great deal of psychic energy to be transformed for other purposes; on the other hand, the training of the female prevents her from completing the development and causes her to retain a large proportion of the infantile forms of sexuality and of activities more properly subordinate to the normal act of sex, all of which absorb most of her energy and leave little for other purposes. "Assuming that every individual has a certain amount of energy or capacity for work, the efficiency of the woman, who is in reality of equal capacity with the man, is considerably reduced by what we may term 'the continual leakage of energy'." Woman will therefore be set free, not by enactment, but by an education which recognizes the equality of the sexes.

There is one book this season which will be the choice possession of all college professors. Its name is "Some Aspects of Modern Poetry" (Stokes). Its author is Alfred Noyes. One opens the cover expecting to see Sandburg, Masters, Robinson, and Marianne Moore, but one finds instead a large group of eminent Victorians all of whom are defended with exquisite kindness against the chaotic minds of today who sneer at Tennyson, who dismiss Alice Meynell as a Catholic saint, who often say that Henley and Dobson are not worth discussing. For Alice Meynell Mr. Noyes has made a cap of pearls. For Tennyson he has shaped a golden crown set with emeralds and garnets. For Henley and Dobson, six and eight pages each. Shakespeare is there, and following him is Longfellow with trembling beard. These essays are finely written with the scalding passion and irony of a mind which knows and loves English literature and cannot make room for the present, cannot adjust its imagination to anything but the past and its vivid security.

W. L. George again undertakes to display his extraordinary knowledge and understanding of that most incomprehensible creature, woman, in "The Story of Woman" (Harper). Mr. George not only sets forth his views on the trend of modern woman, but he delves into her history of forty thousand years ago. He is very brave to tackle such a subject in two hundred and fifty seven pages. Beginning with an account of the Neolithic Age, he discusses the days of the patriarchs, life during the height of Roman and Grecian culture, the influence of Christianity, the Renaissance, the seventeenth century, the Victorian era, early rebels, and concludes with a promise for the future. The book gives one a smattering of information which reference proves is not always accurate. To mention only two failings: Mr. George wishes to tell not *a* story, but *the* story of woman, yet he discusses only one racial group of women from each period. Also, in his consideration of the position of woman he fails to attach importance to the economic condition of each particular period, which naturally had direct bearing upon her status. "The Story of Woman" is obviously written to sell. It provides intellectual pap for American consumption.

The age of liberalism, believed here, remains still in the grey offing. On a tiny island off the coast of Spain exiled Miguel de Unamuno wrote mildly Machiavellian essays, while Alfonso breathed more easily. Exile can re-

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sult from many causes, but one wonders at the reasons which prompted the exile of Unamuno. In his "Essays and Soliloquies" (Knopf) one can remark only a strange piety, some not too reddish ideas, and a Victorian veneer of style. The exiled gentleman writes reasonably pleasantly and with a style, if clarity can be called style. But his ideas are such as an aging, slipping Shaw might employ were he making a bid for readers become cold and forgetful. Mildness is here, and quietude and gentleness. There is talk of religious matters and some politics, but if there is harm it is not too apparent. It may be, however, that dark kings with handsome mustaches and unhandsome dictators have their own — or at any rate family — ideas about the fundamentals of exile.

The traveler who must follow schedule and feels impelled to rush from museum to picture gallery and from one ruin to another, in the most avid of sightseeing moods, will welcome Clara E. Laughlin's "So You're Going to Italy!" (Houghton Mifflin). Others will find the book disappointing. Miss Laughlin unnecessarily admits in one place that she has "just reread a great many books on Rome", and the number and length of the quotations she uses leaves little room for original work. She has accumulated facts and facts and still more facts, tied them together with a string of trivial remarks, and enveloped the whole in a flimsy wrapping of facetiousness — precisely what one would expect from the title. Mechanically, the book leaves little to be desired. It is of convenient size, the type is excellent, and the illustrations far and away better than those found in most travel books. Miss Laughlin considers, in the four sections of the book, Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, and the immediate vicinity of each centre. The hill towns, Sicily, and the Riviera are left for another volume.

It is impossible to read Thomas Moult's selection of "The Best Poems of 1924" (Harcourt, Brace) without getting the feel of the present day poetic trend: its pendulum swing from orthodoxy to radical forms and back again. This is a catholic little book, covering a wide range of expression, yet never swerving from the highest criteria of taste in the various literary camps. The compiler is singularly free from intolerances, either of the very old or the very new. He demands of the poets who are represented here honest artistic credibility and the use of a universal and dignified medium. Freshness of sound, sharpness of imagery, and a poignancy in emotional depth are frequent attributes of the work collected in this volume. From what must have been a fairly formidable mass of verse in American and English periodicals last year, the editor has chosen a satisfying and sensitive group. The word "best" must, of course, always have its private qualifications, but we have no hesitancy in saying that the poems in this little collection are all extraordinarily *good*. Examples from the English magazines seem rather more capable, more sure in their grasp of difficult and highly cadenced forms. Some of the American pieces are conventional in form: a sonnet by David Morton, for instance, strikes us as being as fine a thing of its sort as we have seen lately. Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Not Always" and the free verse sketches by Carl Sandburg, though characteristic, seem to fall short of the best work of these two really great artists. One wonders if

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the constant use of one tool has made it perhaps too fine for æsthetic usefulness. John V. A. Weaver's "A Sailor Gropes for Words" is at once typical and vigorous. Of the English group, William H. Davies, the Sitwells, and John Freeman deserve more than passing attention. On the whole, Mr. Moult's collection is admirable, and its format, with decorations by Philip Hagreen, is delicate and effective.

It is almost impossible to think of the brilliant Casanova as old, in poverty, uttering bitter things about old age; impossible, too, to think of him without a large group of beautiful women to adore him. The last twenty four years of his life were not included by him in his Memoirs and, until recently, have remained hidden. Mitchell S. Buck has written a supplement to the Memoirs presenting this period, in "The Life of Casanova from 1774–1798" (Frank-Maurice). From England Casanova went to Venice, where ironically he was guardian of public morals. Intimately associated with him at this period was a young seamstress, Francesca Buschini, his last Venetian love, whose letters throw much light upon Casanova's life at this time. The year before his death, in response to a letter from Cecilia Roggendorff, he wrote a brilliant and brief summary of his life beginning with: "My mother brought me into the world at Venice on the 2d April, Easter day of the year 1725. She had, the night before, a strong desire for crawfish. I am very fond of them. I was an idiot until I was eight and a half years old. After having had a hemorrhage for three months, I was taken to Padua, where, cured of my imbecility, I applied myself to study, and, at the age of sixteen years I was made a doctor and given the habit of a priest so that I might go seek my fortune at Rome." And so he goes on through his amazing adventures.

Although Edward Shanks's "Bernard Shaw" (Holt) cannot truthfully be said to answer any pressing literary need or to cast much new light upon the by no means dim planet with which it deals, it serves nicely to carry on the attractive "Writers of the Day" series of pocket size critical biographies which contains such notable essays as those of Rebecca West on Henry James and Hugh Walpole on Joseph Conrad. Mr. Shanks takes up G. B. S. as novelist and critic, dramatist, writer of prefaces, and philosopher. He lays him down a trifle tritely as "a serious man with a real philosophy, in which he believes with all his heart". Incidentally, the study bristles with palpable hits. Mr. Shanks feels that Shaw is "essentially a man of the theatre" rather than a propagandist using the cart of Thespis for purely evangelistic ends. He is bold enough to point out Shaw's "peculiar weakness for cheap jokes", to describe a dramatic passage as "very trivial and a little vulgar", to repeat a malicious phrase about "the non sequitur, or Shavian method of reasoning", and to wager that "if we look at him in cold blood Mr. Shaw gives as much evidence of muddle-headedness as of common sense". In fact, "he is not an exceptionally reasonable man; and though his intellectual powers are great and flexible they are always completely at the service of his emotion and intuitions". Mr. Shanks has performed for Shaw the service G. B. S. performed for Shakespeare. He has made him human. A negligible postscript on "Saint Joan" might have been omitted. Bibliographies add to the book's value as a handy reference work.

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If one cares for letters, and there are many who do, a generous supply will be found in John Gardner Coolidge's "Random Letters from Many Countries" (Marshall Jones). Always an inveterate traveler, Mr. Coolidge was in the diplomatic service until a few years ago, and his letters, written from 1887 to 1908, bear the postmarks of such focal points as Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Manila, Pretoria, Peking, Mexico City, and Managua, Nicaragua. There is decided color in the pages of this stout volume; the author was in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines at the time of the Insurrection, had a taste of shell fire from the Boers in South Africa, and witnessed stirring events in China, Mexico, and Nicaragua, serving as minister to the last named country. Mr. Coolidge shares something of the spirit of all adventurers, and his letters, although gentle and unassuming by contrast, have a suggestion of the Richard Harding Davis flavor. They have also the value of continuity, achieved through being written to a single person.

Books by pedagogues not infrequently bore. Not so "From College Gates" (Houghton Mifflin) by Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College from 1900–1911. The book is a series of addresses delivered upon various public occasions, and is divided into three parts. The first, "Outside the Gates", is a contribution to the history of the past fifty years in the movement for the higher education of women. "Through the Gates" pays tribute to "the influence of that bright spirit who shed her lustre upon Wellesley College, whose memory is now enshrined in the Hall of Fame" — Alice Freeman Palmer. "Within the Gates" is a survey of "the specific growth and development of Wellesley during the years of my administration". The book, in the main, is interesting and illuminating. It displays the fine ideals which actuated the leaders of the movement for higher education for women. It gives the layman an educational perspective.

Frankness to the limit of indiscretion is, of course, essential to an autobiography. The Princesse de Montglyon leaves little to be desired, in this respect, in her record of her life as "The Last of a Race" (Doran), although the book does not belong to the sprightly family of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Born at the ancient castle of Argenteau, on the eighteenth of July, 1862, the girl child, de Mercy Argenteau, was a disappointment, since a male heir was wanted for a line that reached back ten centuries. She grew up without the love of parents, was forced into a loveless marriage which ended in divorce, and was almost as unfortunate in her lover and in her son who abandoned her to go off with the elderly wife of his tutor. It is a dismal tale, culminating, fittingly, with the destruction of the beautiful old castle which the Germans wrecked at the opening of the war. It holds much of anecdote concerning celebrities: Napoleon, the Prince of Wales of the Eighties, and many lesser lights. The volume is handsomely printed and liberally illustrated.

"The Land of the Pharaohs" (Revell) by Samuel Manning, edited by James Baikie, is genial and diverting. If Dr. Manning's tour appears a trifle rapid and insensitive, his account is tolerant and never tedious. He projects the natives vividly, by quotation. For he questioned them persistently, and

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their answers were quaint and explicit. Take the Arab who replied amiably, when sounded on the vicissitudes of bigamy, "Oh dey bery good, I give dem much stick." It is an alluring Egypt. Unfortunately, Dr. Manning's explorations occurred in the last century. He records that in Cairo an American remarked to him, with firmness: "Cairo is a big place. It will stand a lot of improving." We fear that it has been improved since Dr. Manning's inspection. As an authoritative guide his book is not to be recommended. It is for reading only.

Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve once classed himself among the souls that espouse the illustrious and become the servants of their glory. He began his literary career as a poet and he achieved fame as a critic; he ardently took part in the romantic movement when it began but his renown rested on his taste for the classics; in his youth he was a conspirator and he died a pensioner of the Empire. His truly memorable works, the "Causeries de Lundi", were written under such conditions that only the quality of the performance makes the term "hack-work" inapplicable. With such a subject, it is hardly to be expected that Lewis Freeman Mott's "Sainte-Beuve" (Appleton) would read like a Strachey biography. Anatole France in an essay in "The Latin Genius" did indicate that the career of Sainte-Beuve offered material for such a biography. Certainly his friends, including Victor Hugo, Châteaubriand, Madame Récamier, Gautier, George Sand, and Renan would have offered a wonderful background for a Life that was intended to be a pointed up picture of the middle half of the nineteenth century in France. Mr. Mott has more soberly decided on an authoritative work, worthy of being the first complete biography of its subject.

A cathedral to be appreciated must be seen. All that one can enjoy in a written description of it is the quality of the writing or the personality of the writer. Both of these, unfortunately, are missing from "The World of To-day" (Putnam), which, in four volumes, edited by Sir Harry Johnston and Dr. L. Haden Guest, describes "all countries and peoples of the world, its beauty spots and wonder places". It is not much more interesting to read than a guidebook; but it is indeed "sumptuously illustrated" and for this reason well worth having.

"With the advent of the new architecture", writes Alan Stapleton, "we have begun to build for a race of giants, and the old familiar London of courts and alleys and winding lanes is passing." Carefully then Mr. Stapleton has preserved the flavor of this old London in "London Alleys, Byways and Courts" (Dodd, Mead). Sixty odd pencil sketches with accompanying anecdotes comprise a delightful history of "courts and alleys of old London — some of these — places where men lived before the dawn of our ultra-civilization; places where men still live". Mr. Stapleton is an excellent raconteur. He is neither pedantic nor pedagogical. He chats leisurely and intimately of Moll Cutpurse and Bet Flint, Ben Jonson and John Bunyan, Fetter Lane and Wardrobe Court, Paternoster Row and Chaucer's Tabard Inn. The sketches are excellent. Many of them are made in vignette, and Mr. Stapleton has combined a soft technique with the proper accent to give his work strength. His composition is good and there is a pleasing play of light and shade. The

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book will endear London to Londoners, and strangers will heed the persistent call of the bowbells.

"Collected Poems" by Robert Underwood Johnson (Yale) represent forty years of labor by one who has endeavored consistently to follow the best traditions of English poetry, and has been measurably successful in producing work of finish and beauty. There is no outstanding originality about Mr. Johnson's poems, there is no world ranging imagination or deep sounding, compelling blast of emotion; the author has reached no untrodden height and raised no call unheard before; and yet within the domain of simple music and unpretentious subject matter he has been not ineffective, and in handling the conventional themes of springtime and love, of aspiration, patriotism and war, he is neither more distinguished nor less distinguished than a majority of the traditionally minded poets of the time.

Captain Vancouver, after his first view of Puget Sound, wrote that "to describe the beauties of this region will . . . be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist". The late William Watson Woollen, of Indianapolis, has performed much of that "grateful task" and has greatly extended it in the two large, handsomely printed volumes entitled "The Inside Passage to Alaska" (Arthur H. Clark), the subtitle to which more accurately describes it as an "account of the North Pacific Coast from Cape Mendocino to Cook Inlet, from the accounts left by Vancouver and other early explorers and from the author's journals of exploration and travel in that region". Mr. Woollen was a distinguished lawyer who was also a born naturalist, not of the laboratory but of the school of Muir. His interest in the northwest coast came late in life, beginning with a trip taken in 1912, but he devoted the remaining years until his death in 1921 to further travel and research in this region. The resultant material, as edited in these volumes by Paul L. Haworth, is best described as an "account": a composite of description and history, given unity by the fact that he follows, more or less, in the wake of Vancouver, digressing liberally however whenever he likes, as in the interesting chapters on the "trees and shrubs of the coast", on whales and the whale fisheries, and on the Indian natives. The book is well indexed: a valuable compendium of information and also a fluent narrative of travel among the myriad islands and waters of the region.

The Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, in "The Women of the Cæsars" (Putnam) has written a work whose design is to bring into the foreground those feminine figures which in his own "Greatness and Decline of Rome" occupy a place of necessarily secondary importance. His intention has been to rescue such remnants of their realities as survive beneath the accumulated legends, misrepresentations, and slanders with which earlier historians have obscured them, and to present the facts in as truthful an aspect as the conclusions of his studies and researches warrant. The period he covers is that which begins with the marriage of Livia to the Emperor Augustus and ends with the death of Agrippina, mother of Nero, the last member of the line to reign.

After Alice Meynell's celebrated sonnet "Renouncement" had been praised by the great Victorians the poet held, until her death in 1922, a

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unique place in English letters. The prophecy of her permanent place in literature may be guessed through the scholarly and humane study "Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation" by Anne Kimball Tuell (Dutton). Miss Tuell reveals Mrs. Meynell against her distinguished backgrounds, identifies a quantity of her unsigned essays, and analyzes her rare poetic gift. The study is phrased with as scrupulous sense for the word as had Mrs. Meynell herself and shows, in the discovery of the paradox as the secret of Mrs. Meynell's swiftness of intellect and veritable mysticism, that Miss Tuell, too, possesses a "refined and immediate vision". An excellent introduction to Mrs. Meynell and her *fin de siècle*, Roman Catholic group, the book is perhaps rather intended for those who have previously enjoyed the poet. To them it is invaluable.

In his account of life in Russia during the war and the revolutions, "The Speckled Domes" (Scribner), Gerard Shelley at least attains the distinction of giving us a view of Rasputin quite unlike that usually presented. "At times", Mr. Shelley tells us, "Rasputin struck me as being very much like an Old Testament prophet. I think the secret of his power lay in the sense of calm, gentle strength and shining warmth of conviction." He does not believe any of the "wretched stories" of debauchery and evil doings told of Rasputin, all of which he considers calumnies of a sort characteristically Russian. For Mr. Shelley is sweeping in his condemnation both of the old aristocracy and of the intelligentsia — whom he stigmatizes as futile folk. Indeed, futility is the one label that nearly all observers, including the Russians themselves, agree upon as appropriate to the past ten years or more of Russian life. Mr. Shelley gives glimpses of it from many angles. He was in Russia at the outbreak of the war and he went through both revolutions, landing finally in a Bolshevik prison, and escaping at last disguised as a woman. He had the entrée to aristocratic society, and even to the Empress, of whom he thinks highly. Other chroniclers have supplied us with a sufficiency of the horrors of the red revolution: this book is of value chiefly as an appraisal of the degeneracy and morbidity of the "educated" Russian. Doubtless something might be said on the other side, but Mr. Shelley's picture is impressive. He is fluent and skilful in making a highly readable narrative.

Major General Sir Frederick Maurice's study of "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier" (Houghton Mifflin) is a valuable contribution to the vast body of authoritative works devoted to the military career of the great Virginian. But the present volume is, happily, more than an unbiased valuation of Lee's campaigns and battles, for it contains as well a singularly eloquent conception of Lee, the man. In estimating Lee's martial genius, General Maurice justly finds a place for him among the supreme commanders of history, and at the same time succeeds in realizing for us the likeness of one whose achievement as a human being was even loftier.

Mr. Pepys appears to have a rival. The first volume of "The Farington Diary" (Doran) gave promise of this some time ago, and the three succeeding volumes have admirably fulfilled this promise. Volume IV brings this inimitable narrative up to the beginning of 1808. It takes us back to the quiet, graceful, pleasure loving days of Merrie England, when George IV was Prince

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of Wales, when Wordsworth wandered among the daffodils at Grassmere, when the famed Catalani drew her worshipers to Covent Garden, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was daubing great canvases with unforgetable oils, when Bonaparte's manœuvres on the Continent were but as summer thunder heard at a distance. Time slips away as we dine and chat and pursue the daily round of living with Farington, and the veil seems gossamer which would obscure from us these heroic figures of yesterday. Happy he who kept a diary, for he has served future generations no less than the artist or statesman! We owe a debt of gratitude also to James Greig who has, with intelligence and care, prepared the volume for publication.

The only connecting link between the papers which make up the delectable volume of essays by Jules J. Jusserand entitled "The School for Ambassadors" (Putnam) is "the pen which wrote them", yet the title is apt. As the author notes, the authorities maintain that the perfect ambassador should be as nearly omniscient as may be possible for humanity, and should be adept in many arts. Few diplomats of our day have come so close to attaining that ideal perfection as M. Jusserand: in scholarship and in human adaptability as well as in the narrower functions of his political office. Some of these essays, he explains, were "addresses which it took an hour to deliver and months to prepare: others were prompted by stays in particularly lovable spots like the Euganean Hills or Ronsard's Vendomois". The title paper is a revision of his presidential address before the American Historical Association, in 1921: a survey of the history of diplomacy since the thirteenth century.

In Henry Holt and Company's series, "Writers of the Day", another volume has appeared—"H. G. Wells", by Ivor Brown. The writer of this biographical summary of Mr. Wells's work has entered gracefully into the spirit of contemporary biographical style, which appears to be standing serenely, if somewhat contemptuously, apart from the more ragged prose of novels. While nothing like a comprehensive work is undertaken, the book is an easy and sufficient biography of what was and is really H. G. Wells—the writer's mind and his *esprit*. Wisely and concisely Mr. Brown has divided the interests that dominated the developing Wells, showing how those various interests influenced and were his writings; and carefully he has brought out the largeness of the details in the life of the English writer. Followers of Wells will be delighted to have their mentor so pleasingly explained; and others will find much information that is in itself good literature.

Musician's lives, as usually described, are as interesting and exciting as romances; they have in addition the glamor which attracts servant girls to stories of duchesses. Nathan Haskell Dole's "Famous Composers" (Crowell) should therefore be successful in arousing popular interest in music, for its purpose is avowedly to present life stories with the interest of fiction. What he gives, then, is chiefly narrative, with a sprinkling of anecdote and an occasional critical *obiter dictum* of no great originality or importance. This treatment, on the whole quite successful, may account for and justify the rather unsatisfactory choice of composers: they need not be first rate, they must be personages whose lives will furnish good copy.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Even in a belated (meterologically speaking) season like the present, "spring" fiction comes into its own. In two months half the titles in the monthly score have disappeared and half a dozen new ones taken their places. Just why publishers bunch their hits, as it were, by making seasonal offerings of their wares, is a mystery of the trade. Do they issue their spring fiction because of a definite demand for something new to read as well as to wear in the spring; or is spring fiction itself a fiction, like spring lamb or spring chicken? Would not the public buy and read just as many copies of a given book if it were offered at any other time of the year? One wonders . . . and leaves the question open.

As forecast last month, "Arrowsmith" has climbed; it has precisely changed places in the May Score with "The Thundering Herd". But here's a little peep behind the scenes. "The Little French Girl" is numerically further ahead of "Arrowsmith" and all the rest of the list than the most popular book ever recorded in this Score has ever been ahead of the field. Which is unimportant but interesting.

— F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
2.	Arrowsmith	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
3.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
4.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
5.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The Thundering Herd	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
7.	The Constant Nymph*	*Margaret Kennedy*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Carolinian	*Rafael Sabatini*	HOUGHTON
9.	Rugged Water	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
10.	The Peasants*	*Ladislas Reymont*	KNOPF
11.	Soundings*	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
12.	The Divine Lady	*E. Barrington*	DODD

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
3.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
4.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
5.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
6.	Woodrow Wilson	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
7.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
9.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
10.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
11.	The Illiterate Digest*	*Will Rogers*	A. & C. BONI
12.	Recollections of a Happy Life	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN

*This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

American and English Books Abroad—Ferdinand Lassalle—Books and Decorative Art—Mercury or Apollo?—In the Land of the Forty Niners—Literary Hyphens—"By the Queen of Roumania"—Prophets with Honor.

IT is refreshing to be able to record that markets abroad for English and American books are regaining their old status and in some respects are improving on even prewar standards. Generally speaking, the books which are really successful in America and England will prove successful, at any rate to a limited extent, on the Continent. A book or story which has some fundamental appeal to human nature is not likely to fail in countries other than that of its origin. Margaret Kennedy's fine novel, "The Constant Nymph", for instance, was sold to Germany, France, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, and for publication in the Tauchnitz edition, within three months of publication.

Provided the setting is not too local and the dialogue not too idiomatic, the well told original mystery or detective story will generally find a publisher in one or more countries abroad. Works by authors of established reputation, like John Galsworthy and Thomas Hardy, are almost certain to sell, although in many cases some years after recognition in their own country.

The psychological novel — I don't like the label, but the rough classification will serve — is difficult to sell in any language, and the novel that is "almost good" rarely tempts the foreign publisher.

Apart from fiction, biography is not so popular as it was, but books on political and economic subjects find a ready market, particularly in Germany. Temporarily, at any rate, there is a big demand abroad for travel books.

Among recent contracts made for foreign rights, it is interesting to note that Henry Ford's "My Life and Work" is to be published in Portuguese — the twelfth language into which this book has been translated. H. G. Wells's "Kipps" is to be published in Czechoslovakia; "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" in Dutch; Mary Borden's "Jane — Our Stranger" in Swedish and German; E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" in Swedish; John Galsworthy's "The White Monkey" in Danish-Norwegian, Swedish, and Italian; and Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" in German, French, Danish-Norwegian, and Swedish. New additions to the Tauchnitz collection include "The Rector of Wyck" and "Arnold Waterlow" by May Sinclair; "Love" by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; and "Balisand" by Joseph Hergesheimer.

* * * *

Sixty years ago a bullet cut short the romantic career of Ferdinand Lassalle. He was killed in a duel at the age of forty. Lassalle was one of the most remarkable figures in modern German history. A Jew, brilliant of intellect, able in politics, and compelling in personality, he inspired the admiration of even Bismarck, who described him

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as "one of the most intellectual and gifted men with whom I have ever had intercourse". The great traveler von Humboldt applied to him the characteristically German epithet of "Wonder Child"; Heine considered him the "Messiah of the nineteenth century".

In celebration of Lassalle's centenary the German ex-minister, Herr Konrad Haenisch, has published "Lassalle, Mensch und Politiker" (Berlin: Franz Schneider Verlag), an admirable outline of Lassalle's life and work. Not the least interesting feature of Herr Haenisch's book is its exposition of Lassalle's essentially nationalist policy, with its inevitable distrust of the Austrian monarchy, and his intelligent (as the war proved) anticipation of the disintegration of the Austrian State. The book also sheds light on the mutual antagonism of Lassalle and Marx. But perhaps the most illuminating part of the whole work deals with Lassalle's firm stand for "a good understanding between the two great civilised nations, Germany and France, from which all political liberty, all progress of European civilisation, all democratic evolution depend. On this hangs not only the fate of any one nation; it is a matter of life or death for European democracy." *O tempora, o mores!*

* * * *

The Exposition of Decorative Art is upon us. Hardly have we recovered from those sonnets to a soccer team, rhymes for a runner, ballads of a basket ball, and other atrocities which accompanied the Olympic Games than we are invited to wade through columns of laudatory adjectives with which *messieurs les journalistes* hail the glories of polychromic decoration and profusion of gilding that characterize most of the pavilions.

A very handsome special number of "L'Illustration" shows readers all over the world exactly how the principal buildings look — on the architects' water color sketches. The distance which separates these fairylike structures from the unfinished shanties that occupy the grounds at present is considerable. One is tempted to quote Browning's Rabbi ben Ezra, "What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me." We are told that in another month or so things will be more shipshape. It would be fairer to postpone any detailed examination of the *Section du Livre* until that date, although we may already mention that Crès, Morance, and, naturally, the magazine "Art et Décoration" have separate pavilions.

America does not figure officially at the Exposition, but a bookstore, Le Portique, has placed on sale copies of the Dial Press's superb album "Living Art", edited by Scofield Thayer. Among Parisian critics Elie Faure, André Salmon, Maurice Raynal, and Roger Allard have hailed this album as unique among publications reproducing modern art, and it is some satisfaction to feel that the culture and taste of the United States are represented at least to this extent. Le Portique is something of an innovation in the way of bookshops. It has an extensive lending library of valuable works dealing with the fine arts, many of which are scarce or out of print. Situated on the Boulevard Raspail, close to the artist quarter of Montparnasse, it includes among its patrons a number of American students from the schools in the rue de la Grande Chaumière and the near by Alliance Française.

We may expect that the Exposition will bring with it a host of volumes dealing with the tendencies and achievements of ultramodern art. One of the first to appear is an attractive

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volume "Le Meuble Français Moderne" by Louis M. Moussinac — quite a model of its kind; and we had last year a useful collection entitled "L'Art Français depuis Vingt Ans" with short monographs on such subjects as "Le Travail de Metal", in which France has lately been distinguishing herself, "La Céramique et la Verrerie", and "Les Décorateurs du Livre", as well as the inevitable painting, architecture, and sculpture. While none of these volumes can be said to set the Seine on fire, they are valuable handbooks for those interested in the subject. They have the further merit of being moderate in price and well, although not profusely, illustrated.

* * * *

André Gide enjoys giving offense. Last year he felt it necessary to publish a work defending a certain vice generally condemned by public morality everywhere and limited to those individuals whom Edward Carpenter has classified as "The Intermediate Sex". Recently he has sold off at public auction the presentation copies of books given him years ago by brother authors who do not approve of his attitude on this question. Among those who have thus incurred Monsieur Gide's displeasure we find Maurice Maeterlinck, Francis Jammes, Pierre Louys — who has died just as he was again coming to the fore — and Henri de Régnier. Other items at the sale were manuscripts, limited editions, and corrected proofs of various books by Gide himself as well as a fine "first" of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and Lord Alfred Douglas's "Poems". There were four hundred and five items in all, and the total amount realized was slightly over one hundred thousand francs. It is said that this sum is considerably less than the figure Gide anticipated. Altogether it would seem that the author of "L'Immoraliste" and "Les Nourritures Terrestres" would have done better to remain faithful to Apollo, father of literature, rather than desert him in favor of Mercury, god of commerce. The comments on Monsieur Gide's action in making money out of books that had been given him have been numerous and scathing, and we should not be surprised if more of his former friends would join the list of those whose works shall not be allowed to have the honor to figure on his shelves. Hence, another sale. . . .

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Is it fact? Is it fiction? At any rate "L'Or", by Blaise Cendrars, is an unusual and fascinating book. With no history of early California at hand for reference, it is not easy to say how far Cendrars has based his account of the adventures of Johann August Sutter on actual documents or how much he may have added or subtracted. The fact remains that the result is a coherent, intensely interesting whole, probably the first important historical novel about America ever written by a Frenchman. In its kind it challenges comparison with the best work of our own writers. Sutter himself, sometime tramp in his native Switzerland, then again adventurer on the Seven Seas, the absolute ruler over the richest valleys in California, finally dying, a destitute and half mad beggar, on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, is a striking, even an epic figure. The story of his rise and subsequent ruin, caused, ironically enough, by the discovery of gold on his ranch, is a tale that captures the imagination. Its romantic appeal is increased by the abrupt, almost dry style, reminiscent of the language of the old chronicles,

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which Cendrars has employed. The author has succeeded in suggesting at least as much as he actually tells. Certain chapters, as for example the one describing the port of New York in 1834, have all the diversity of movement which animates a great movie film. With "L'Or" Blaise Cendrars ceases to be the migratory poet whose work was known only to a small number of cosmopolitan dilettantes and becomes a novelist who must be taken into account when one surveys the field of modern French fiction.

* * * *

Anyone who follows literary events in France cannot fail to have noticed the increasing interest displayed by publishers and the general public in what is being read abroad: prominent critics and novelists like Valéry Larbaud, André Maurois, Philippe Soupault, Benjamin Crémieux, Léon Bazalgette, Charles Du Bos, and Jean Cassou, to mention only a few, are devoting time and energy to the task of familiarizing their compatriots with the most interesting works that are being published abroad. They are hyphens in the best sense of the word, *traits d'union* linking together readers and authors everywhere.

The series of lectures held during May and June at the Collège de France and the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier under the auspices of Robert Aaron and the Union Internationale des Etudiants is further evidence of the wide interest in contemporary international literature. American books and authors were described by Bernard Fay. Monsieur Fay has the reputation in his own country of being something of an iconoclast, and if he treats American idols with the same lack of respect he displayed toward generally accepted values in French literature, he is likely to be severely called to task by more academically minded critics. On the other hand, Monsieur Fay recently published in "Le Correspondent" an extraordinarily sane and broadminded article on the vexed question of the Franco-American debt situation. In it he displayed a thorough grasp of the psychology of the two countries. What a pity it was not reprinted and sent to every fire eating Congressman and editorial writer in the two countries!

Another international literary event to be recorded is the annual congress of the P. E. N. Clubs, held in Paris at the end of May. A number of distinguished men of letters from all over Europe attended the congress. John Galsworthy, president of the English P. E. N. Club, who is also the founder of the entire association, presided, and many topics of interest and importance to authors generally were usefully discussed. Among the entertainments organized was a banquet at which the foreign delegates were greeted by Georges Duhamel and Valéry Larbaud, a visit to Balzac's house in the rue Raynouard, and a special performance at the Atelier Theatre.

* * * *

It is not often that one is able to chronicle the literary activities of royalty. I learn that the Queen of Roumania is now contemplating writing her reminiscences. She has just finished her new novel, which she is calling "Ilderim: A Tale of Light and Shade". Her Majesty will be remembered as the author of "The Voice of the Mountain", a novel published recently by Knopf. She has also written a book about Roumania, called "The Country That I Love", which has been illustrated by her daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Greece. Another

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book, "Roumanian Fairy Stories", is to be published in England this year.

* * * *

The celebrated anecdote about the Shah of Persia and Omar Khayyam is worth recalling in connection with modern Spanish literature. It will be remembered that, when approached by the band of enthusiastic devotees who desired to visit the grave of Omar, the Shah observed: "But why do you wish to visit the grave of Omar Khayyam? He is one of our minor poets; we have many greater than he." We know, of course, that Omar's Western reputation rests on Fitzgerald's inspired translation, but an interesting parallel may be said to exist in contemporary Spanish fiction.

With no intention of disparaging the virile novels of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, one may point to two Spanish authors of far greater distinction in their own country. "Azorin", the critic and essayist, now a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, and Pío Baroja, author of the "Memoirs of a Man of Action", are perhaps the most considerable of living Spanish authors. Blasco Ibáñez, of course, is eminently translatable and his outlook is cosmopolitan; hence his international popularity. Azorin, on the other hand, is so characteristically Spanish, so exquisitely difficult to render into another language, that he will probably remain little known outside his own country. Baroja is already known in America through the translation of his trilogy, "The Quest", "Weeds", and "Red Dawn". Azorin is primarily an essayist; Baroja a novelist. Baroja's "Memorias de un Hombre de Acción: Las Figuras de Cera" (Madrid: Caro Raggio) is a fictional presentation of the life and times of his great uncle, Eugenio de Aviraneta. The Peninsular War, the French invasion, the Carlist wars — these were exciting times for Spain of the early nineteenth century and provide abundant material for the modern novelist. Baroja is a kind of historical idealist, although he has no illusions about the Carlists and their methods. This series of memoirs, of which Aviraneta is the central figure, represents modern Spanish literature at its best, and the volume now issued, "Las Figuras de Cera", is one of the best that have appeared.

Spain does not produce many autobiographies, and the "Memorias del Conde de Benalua, Duque de San Pedro de Galatino" (Madrid: Blass) is the more welcome on that account. One of the old Castilian nobility, the Duke of San Pedro de Galatino describes graphically in these pages the Revolution of 1868, which broke out at Madrid, and his subsequent experiences in Paris, Vienna, and London. The result is a vivid picture and a story more exciting than many a romance of history or fiction.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

STUART PRATT SHERMAN again maintained, the other evening, that his winter in New York had been a reasonably happy one. He and Mrs. Van Doren were leaving a party in order to put their magazine to bed, while Dr. Canby also vanished at an early hour to indulge in the same practice. There are some advantages in editing a monthly magazine. Don Marquis, also present at this particular séance, says that it is risky for a columnist to get far away from home. You have a feeling that your column, written under the Arc de Triomphe and put into the mails, is set adrift on a most uncertain sea. The academic profession, having lost a member to editing in Dr. Sherman, has gained one in Glenn Frank who is to become president of Wisconsin University. So far, I have not heard who is to edit "The Century", carrying on that lofty tradition. With magazines being born and dying by the minute, the news comes from Kendall Banning that the New Fiction Publishing Company will launch in August a monthly magazine, "Wit of the World". At the same time, "Live Stories" will make its first appearance as a quarterly reprint of stories selected from the magazines of the company. "The Golden Book", which combines new material with reprints of worthwhile articles and stories from various literatures, from all accounts seems to prosper mightily. And there are so many new beauty magazines of one sort or another that it almost makes a staid New Englander blush to look at a newsstand. Percy Waxman, who writes cheery lyrics and acts in Dutch Treat Club shows, has risen in the ranks of editorial advisers to Arthur Vance of "Pictorial Review". At a certain hotel on Forty Ninth Street, the other noon, I felt as though I had suddenly fallen among publishers. At one table was Alfred Harcourt, flanked by editors of the above mentioned magazine; and Carl Sandburg, looking exactly the same as ever, and feeling guilty, I hope, because he so seldom enters this office. His Life of Lincoln is, I suppose, by this time nearly completed. The rest of the dining room was filled with denizens of Scribner's. Arthur Scribner spoke enthusiastically of the work of young Americans, and told me a few genial stories about F. Scott Fitzgerald, of whom he is justly proud. News of the Booksellers' Convention filters in. Apparently an excellent time was had by all — and why not? It was in Chicago, and, although that city may be passing as a literary centre, Marcella Burns Hahner is still there to charm the passing eye; and that's saying nothing of Will Solle, Harry Hansen, Lewellyn — oh, you know the rest!

The Institute of Modern Literature held recently at Bowdoin College was apparently a huge success. Grand literary personages gathered for addresses and round table discussions. Here was Robert Frost, always one of the first in any gathering where education and literature combine; here also Henry Canby, Margaret Deland, Willa Cather, Hatcher Hughes, Laurence Stallings, Christopher Morley, and many others. Mr. Morley, by the way, recently took a trip from Maine or somewhere down to Long

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Island in a yawl. Another splendid sea party was held the other afternoon for Jim Bone, or "Jum" as he is popularly called. His brother, Captain David W. Bone, was along, and took charge of the small ship — with disastrous results. Jim Bone has for many years been editor of "The Manchester Guardian", and his column of London News is justly famous. A book of his about London is to appear here this autumn, with sketches illustrative of it by the other famous Bone brother, Muirhead. Mr. Morley's novel, recently completed, "Thunder on the Left", is to appear in "Harper's Magazine". He explains the title by a quotation from "The Dangers of This Mortal Life" by Sir Eustace Peachtree, one of Mr. Morley's favorite authors among the old English. Morley tells me that possibly he will bring out an edition of the works of that famous moralist and humorist. The quotation follows:

> Among the notionable dictes of antique Rome was the fancy that when men heard thunder on the left the gods had somewhat of speciall advertisement to impart. Then did the prudent admire and lay down their affaire to studye what omen Jove intended.

Further news of Mr. Morley includes the information that Jerome Kern is to produce his dramatization (C. M.'s) of "Where the Blue Begins", a Divine Comedy. Hulbert Footner, returning from London and Italy, seems to have spent a year of great delight among those people "who take the time to live". He tells me that he saw Cyril Hume and his wife in their Italian villa, shortly before Mrs. Hume's untimely death. Jane Alexander Hume was a charming girl, and a poet of great promise. She was a good friend to THE BOOKMAN, and her death is one of those tragedies of youth that are so difficult for friends to bear.

When all the world is starting off for Europe and other places of soul escape and repose, Burton E. Stevenson returns. Browned, ready to take up his work again, and vastly contented with the world, he says that he spent a quiet time in Monte Carlo, in a sandy spot of shore. That's not my idea of Monte Carlo; but it's evidently his. He seems much pleased with the looks of "The Home Book of Modern Verse" and he should be. It's a good anthology, as was the earlier volume. Mr. Stevenson is surely one of the most legitimate of anthologists. From Europe, also, comes E. V. Lucas, with his serious face and his voice with the laugh in it. This publisher, author, and art critic I met the other day for the first time, and found both entertaining and unassuming. He has come to America to visit our art galleries, among other things, and will write about them for "The Ladies' Home Journal". Another visitor to town was Ellen Glasgow, much pleased by the success of "Barren Ground". In the past, she has not visited New York with great enough frequency. This year she has been here twice, and New York is to be congratulated, for her keen mind, her gay laugh, and her real love of literature make her presence in this whirlwind of thises and thats of little or no consequence, almost a necessity. I should advocate sending a petition to Richmond to demand that Miss Glasgow be loaned frequently to New York. The literary renaissance of the south is becoming more and more evident. Its papers do not neglect to speak of it. The Texas journals are doubtless rejoicing over the fact that the Dallas Players have carried off for the second year in succession the Belasco Cup awarded the winners of New York's Little Theatre Tournament. Their offering was "The No

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'Count Boy", a Negro character sketch by Paul Green. The sectional feeling of the country strikes me as a most happy thing. Meade Minnigerode

E. V. Lucas

must, I should think, have been upset, but nevertheless flattered, at the hue and cry in Tennessee over his article on Rachel Jackson in "The Saturday Evening Post". I wonder if any other part of the country would become quite so articulate about a hero or a heroine. The south has another literary newcomer in James Boyd, whose "Drums" is being highly praised and widely read. I am told by old Yale friends that Mr. Boyd is an excellent athlete, a good shot, and enjoys the life of a country gentleman with aplomb. This sounds promising for an American upon whom John Galsworthy has smiled; for Mr. Galsworthy himself is not unlike that. (By the way, the English novelist's short stories are to appear presently in one volume titled "Caravan".) Watch the south. Stung to the quick by Mr. Mencken, it is giving us a wealth of good writing.

The BOOKMAN Prize for Club Papers has been awarded unanimously by the judges to Merida Wilde of Peoria, Illinois, for her paper on etiquette, "Can It Be Taught?" The first prize of two hundred dollars goes to her, also the one hundred dollar prize for the best essay on an educational subject. The prize for the best paper on a literary subject goes to Mary Ellis Opdycke, of New York City, for her essay "On Translation". The papers submitted under the other classifications were, neither in number nor quality, sufficient to justify their submission to the judges. Miss Wilde's paper will be published in the August BOOKMAN.

Going to the theatre with a married author adventuring in New York City, I was touched by a remark he made. The leading lady appeared in a modish little brown hat. "Gosh, that's a smart hat!" he remarked. "Wish I knew where to get one to square myself with the wife." I then remembered the prettiest hat I've seen this season. It was on the head of no less beautiful a person than the pleasant Dorothy Parker, maker of plays and verses and dramatic criticism. It was large and low and green — pale green, and along the side was a sheaf of pussy willows. There's a hat to square yourself with, sir. No less was that worn on the same occasion by Elinor Wylie, only it must have been less, because I can't remember what it was like, exactly. Dorothy Parker, by the way, is at work on a play and is about to write a novel. Mrs. Wylie has started a new novel, to follow her exquisite "Venetian Glass Nephew". I find a note in my basket telling of another poet's success. It seems that "Ulysses Returns and Other Poems" by Roselle Mercier Montgomery actually appeared among the five best selling non-fiction books not long ago. Mrs. Montgomery is apparently fast entering the Eddie Guest class.

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Dick Wright, wandering far from his office at "House and Garden", writes as follows:

Firenze, 11 May, 1925.

Dear John Farrar—

Yesterday I walked out to the Piazza Cavour to see the International Book Fair, with the idea of making some notes for you on the exhibitions, but it has occurred to me that your regular European correspondent will be handling it, so I'm just giving you a few of my reactions.

The U. S. wasn't represented — evidently by agreement — save for a small corner with some dull books by the Princeton University Press and a small traveling show from the Washington Printing Office — farmer's bulletins and a bunch of marbleized end papers for which I blushed furiously. The Siam exhibition, directly opposite in the hall, was twice the size and a dozen times more colorful. France and Germany had each an entire building; Italy, of course, was generously represented; and Poland and Czechoslovakia quite complete shows, with a big section of practically all the British publishers.

The thought that kept annoying me was the contrast between the colorful styles and formats of Continental books as compared with the drab clothing of English books and the even drabber clothing of our American stocks. If you haven't already done it, you could find a perfectly good subject to write on along these lines. Our American publishers carry on the tradition of England and it is a Puritan, Evangelical, colorless tradition in books. The bindings are eminently respectable. Save for Knopf and a few others we seem to have no publishers whose books show a smiling face. Even the Mexican books — of which the exhibit was much larger than ours — have snap and color. It was like the difference between a woman who is resigned to grey and lavender and one who breaks out into joyous plaids. Anyhow, there's the theme. We're motoring up through Italy. I've found some ancient herbals at prices that would make George Putnam and Henry Smith turn grey with envy. Italy has been cold, however. I'm hoping for better weather when we go into France in June.

Well, Dick, when you return you shall write me an article trying to prove your point. What could be more colorful than some of the American books coming out this spring? Some of them look for all the world like candy boxes.

The memory of my last trip to Boston will be marked all my life by the fact that Amy Lowell died on that day. I had telephoned her in the morning; in the afternoon I spoke of her to an audience at Jordan Marsh's; immediately afterward, as I came in the door to have tea with her niece, I learned of her stroke, and a few moments later, of her death. She was one of the dearest friends I have ever had in the literary profession, and knowing her was a great privilege. I am going to quote here a sonnet printed in the Boston "Transcript". It was written by one of her close friends, Abbie Farwell Brown:

Now she is one with Beauty. She who heard
The call of loveliness in each rare thing
Of craft or nature; lilacs, nights of spring,
Feel of warm fur; old volumes, crossed and blurred;
The subtlety of sound, the soul of a word;
Her fire-lit group in friendly loitering;
Great tragedy, quick humor, thoughts that sing
In the sweet passion of a bard or bird.

Now she is strong, who faltered not in pain
From her beloved task, and joyous she
Who loved bright youth; eager and fleet again,
Companioned in a high felicity,
"Among the poets" whom she died to praise.
Now she is one with Beauty for all days.

Other good friends to readers have left us these last days. Ralph D. Paine, who was a good comrade and a sturdy figure. Boys and men know him well — an athletic figure at Yale, he preserved a large measure of boyishness always. His last task was the recounting of the history of the Yale Naval Aviation Unit during the war. His last published work was the story of Joshua Barney, that picturesque old sea dog. He was famous as a correspondent in the Spanish-American, Boxer, and World Wars. Writing largely of the sea, he spent much time

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with the navy, both during the war and after. Mr. Paine was only fifty three when he died, suddenly, in a hotel at Concord, while on a lecture trip. England has lost Sir H. Rider Haggard, author of "She" and countless other romances. He was sixty nine years old and his life had been a remarkably active one. During the Boer War he was high in official circles; it was in his house that the convention with the Boers was signed after their victory at Majuba Hill. In later years he turned to a study of agriculture, and was considered an authority on various aspects of farming. In New York, Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer died at the age of seventy six. She was an important figure in the social world, and an active member of the New York Historical Society. Her published works were many, the last one, which appeared in 1924, being "The Social Ladder". Earnest and positive in her defense of the old order of things, she was a strenuous and striking personality. A note from Nora Archibald Smith, who has just left town for her home in Maine, is at the same time touching and amusing. "I have only been at home an hour", she says, "but I cannot wait to tell you what the friend who 'saw me off' at the Grand Central last night told me. This friend, who, unhappy creature! does not take THE BOOKMAN, had the May copy brought in to her by an old neighbor yesterday, the old lady saying, 'Here's a magazine with an article in it by your friend, Miss Smith. There are a lot of letters in it, written to her sister, Kate Douglas Wiggin, but I don't know what the editor put 'em in for, for there isn't an answer to a single one of 'em!'"

A young salesman for a certain publisher was seen at luncheon the other noon with a large book under his arm. He is an energetic young man with red hair, or reddish hair. "It's a great book", he informed me, and I agreed that all of his books were great and this one in particular was probably greater. To which he agreed, and we became fast friends. The book in question was Werner's "Brigham Young". "Why is it", I asked him, "that everyone laughs heartily when you state that the life of Brigham Young has been appearing in 'The Ladies' Home Journal'?" His reply was equivocating, and included something like a pun and a mention of twenty six wives. Maybe all twenty six subscribe to the L. H. J. I forget. At any rate, I reproduce here a delightful woodcut — at least it seems so to me. It is Joseph Smith, Jr., and an angel of God inspecting the Golden Plates of the Book of Mormon. Please do not accuse me of log rolling for Mr. Smith just because he was a fellow Vermonter. Note the keen personalities of the devils. There is one in the left hand corner who strikes me as particularly winsome.

From "Brigham Young"

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It is only recently, I think, that we have come to appreciate the great picturesqueness of New York City, its beauty, its quaintness, its customs of charm. May has been a month of gaiety and reveling. This morning (Decoration Day) I came down Park Avenue, and then over to Fifth. The Avenue itself is of growing loveliness. The trees are really beginning to be trees, the vines over the iron fences are filling out. The day is perfect. Thousands of children are already filling Central Park, coming from all parts of the city in parades with their parents and teachers, carrying their lunch boxes for a May Day revel. Each of the groups has chosen a Queen of the May, and she prances along in her finery, under a canopy of gay colors, self-conscious but happy. When they have all arrived, Central Park will be a rainbow colored, Maypole decked stretch of green, with bands and marching soldiers, and streams of automobiles threading among thirty five thousand children. For blocks you can hear their chatter, their music and laughter. One of the most colorful parties I have ever attended was the May Day revel at the Biltmore, for the benefit of the Dr. Mary Halton Endowment for Girls. Practically everyone was in costume; and the soft lights, streamers, organ grinders, hot dog sellers, gave life and gaiety. Here was Will Irwin, frolicking like a boy, the entire cast of "The Poor Nut", in costume and giving Ohio State University cheers all over the place. Particularly lovely were Arthur Davison Ficke's wife Gladys Brown, in a dark oriental costume, Grace Cristie, the dancer, and Phyllis Duganne, slender and agile. Arthur Ficke has just sent me a reprint of his "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" in the Haldeman-Julius blue book series, and I am reminded of the days when these great sonnets were the bible of Yale undergraduates. What lovely things they are! Are they not part of every young man's equipment for courtship? What a musical, highly keyed thing is number twenty eight:

Now, O beloved, in this pausing hour
When peace, like a great river's twilight flow,
Isles us about from every alien power,
And all that hearts can know at last we know, —
Now let me speak words that within my breast
Have long, too long, dim to your passing view
Lain darkling by a thousand storms oppressed, —
Now let me speak my holy love of you.

The topless peaks, the pure unclouded skies
That dwell remote within your spirit furled
I have not sung; and yet they filled my eyes,
Or how else have I sought you through the world?
My humors and my madness, fierce or cold,
I have told you all: my love I have not told.

Just before Floyd Dell sailed for England, where he is spending the summer, he and Arthur Ficke had an afternoon with Bliss Carman, who came down from his home in New Canaan, Connecticut, to see them. Bliss Carman is, I think, one of our great lyric poets. Overshadowed for a few years by the free verse movement, he will now come into his own. He is a gentle old man, they say, living quietly in a country home, with humor and kindliness gazing at the flurry and rush of modern literary life. So Longfellow in his late years lived at Cambridge, beloved by the children and worshiped by the country.

Mrs. Wilfred Paley, of Brookline, Massachusetts, sends me a copy of an appeal being made by the Robert Louis Stevenson Club of Edinburgh for membership and funds. "The Robert Louis Stevenson Club", it reads, "invites admirers of R. L. S. in all

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parts of the world to contribute to this Appeal, to complete the purchase of the birthplace of R. L. S. in Edinburgh and to open it as a Memorial House. For those who have the eyes to see and the heart to feel, an old house will always be full of romantic memories. Its rooms are crowded with the ghosts of those who lived there." A list of titled patrons and patronesses is included. Life membership is two pounds, two shillings. Annual dues are five shillings. For membership one applies to Thomas Hogg, Commercial Bank of Scotland, 12 N. W. Circus Place, Edinburgh. From Boston, too, comes news of the new A. S. M. Hutchinson novel, said to be of a religious tone. It will be published in September, and is to be called "One Increasing Purpose". Another big autumn title, of course, will be the late Mrs. Stratton-Porter's "The Keeper of the Bees". It will be interesting to watch for the successor to this writer of nature romances, if there can be one. She held a unique place in the affections of a tremendous public, and there is no one else to be seen at the moment who has the same combination of sweet story and a love of the out of doors.

Everyone knows the story about the happiest moment in Humphry Ward's life, when a boyhood friend whom he had not seen nor heard from in years sent him an invitation bearing the postscript, "If there *is* a Mrs. Humphry Ward, please bring her too!" Samuel Hopkins Adams, who has been touring the Pacific Northwest in the past few weeks, found himself known as "Mrs. Adams's husband", following an unexpected incident during his travels. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were aboard the North Coast Limited of the Northern Pacific route when that train celebrated its twenty fifth birthday with a birthday cake party in the observation car. The dining car conductor, who had no idea of the identity of the two passengers in drawing room A, car 42, had the problem of choosing a lady to cut the birthday cake. His report to the superintendent of dining cars is too good to keep:

> As per instructions regarding cutting birthday cake: The party was quite a success and as I had a number of very fine people on board it was rather hard to choose the lady to cut the cake. However a Mrs. Adams was traveling with her husband, Drawing Room A, Car 42, and this being her first trip over the N. P. and she being the most hostesslike, I chose her which pleased her greatly as well as balance of party.
>
> About 40 attended and each one gave a toast of praise to the Northern Pacific and its dining car service. It sure was one grand success, and very much appreciated by all the passengers and myself and crew enjoyed our part.
>
> Mr. James Hopkins Adams, husband of Mrs. Adams, gave a wonderful speech.

The last sentence, although an afterthought, shows that Mr. Adams was not entirely relegated to the background by the charm and graciousness of his wife in her cake cutting rôle.

Louis Wright Simpson of Buffalo has published a charming little guide book to France. He has called it "A Summer in France", and it is neatly and well written. Other small volumes that have pleased this office recently were Ivy Lee's lectures on "Publicity", a wise statement by one of the most famed of his craft; "Ohio Valley Verse, Vol. II", published by the Ohio Valley Poetry Society; "Through Many Windows" by George Elliston, a lady, by the way, who writes charmingly in Cincinnati and has been instrumental in the publication of a new poetry magazine out there, "The Gypsy"; and a luxurious volume issued by Chicago University to persuade ladies

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and gentlemen to give memorial buildings to universities. It is called "Great University Memorials" and is really worth seeing, with its dignified foreword by President Coolidge.

At the Query Club annual dinner this year given in honor of Clare Eames and Sidney Howard, shortly after the birth of their daughter and his winning of the Pulitzer Prize for "They Knew What They Wanted", I sat next to Marguerite Harrison, returned recently from her trip with the creators of "Grass". The chief information received was that sheiks are not all they're cracked up to be, and that they have no interest whatsoever in ladies of English persuasion, being very dignified and forbidding gentlemen. Mrs. Harrison plans a trip to Persia shortly. What an interesting life these intrepid explorers must lead. A letter from Jane West tells me that she went across Panama the other evening to have dinner with the members of Will Beebe's Sargasso Sea expedition, and that they seem to be having a most entertaining time. They will make one more attempt to find that famed home of lost ships before they return.

If I were an explorer,
With nothing else to do
But to look for bugs and cannibals,
I'd not complain, would you?

I'd wear a ring upon my nose,
A band about my waist,
I'd visit many foreign ports
And many foods I'd taste —

I'd dance with Fiji islanders,
I'd treck with Afric chiefs,
I'd visit gay and grand bazaars,
I'd climb on coral reefs —

But oh, alas! I'm just a child,
And so, each night, instead,
I dream such splendid wanderings
In my staid and proper bed.

Not long ago, going to Ossining for a visit, I was lured to Sing Sing by a charming young lady from Denver and her husband, Pete Merriweather. Mrs. Stanley Rinehart, Jr., seemed to know the place thoroughly, and along with several stalwart keepers we proceeded. I was much impressed by the general air of happiness that characterizes the prison. To be sure, the death house is not a pleasant resort. When one of our party was strapped in the electric chair, I must say it seemed like a brisk way to entertain a guest. However, he did not pale perceptibly, and almost immediately afterward became engaged to be married to a lovely young lady who models in clay and marble. Speaking of Rineharts, Dr. and Mrs. Rinehart returned not long ago from Egypt. The journey had been indefinitely planned to Egypt and the Mediterranean shores. But one thing or another turned up, and the trip became quite an exciting one. First they went into the desert for a few weeks, "in much more comfort than home", and later, on the word of a couple of British aviators flown from Bagdad to Cairo, they took themselves to Beirut, in Syria, and motored over the sands to Bagdad and Damascus. The wife of the French vice consul had been murdered making that trip a week or two before; but the Rineharts were never more than thrilled. Now they are both at work again: Dr. Rinehart writing some more health articles which will probably make another book, Mrs. Rinehart preparing a new novel to follow "The Red Lamp", which seems to me one of the most exciting mystery stories ever written.

Susan Glaspell stopped in the other day on her way from Provincetown to London. Her play, with Sybil Thorndyke, has made a great impression there, and her books are best sellers. It is a curious thing that her reputation

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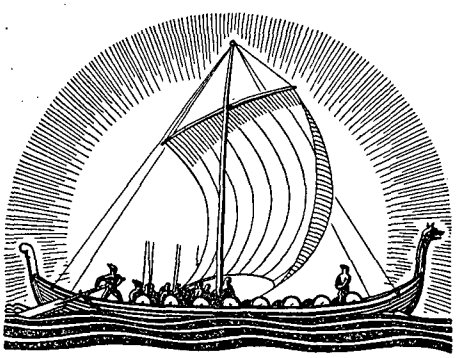
over there should suddenly be so great, and on books published here some years ago. She is a striking and vital person. One of the most interesting things about the current theatrical season in London has been the complete success of "Rain". A friend writes me that the Maugham-Colton-Randolph play was received with an enthusiasm the like of which he has never heard in a London theatre. All the world, it seems, was there: "Galsworthy with the burden of humanity on his shoulders, Wells with his persiflage, Arnold Bennett with his common sense", and a host of others, including, I presume, "Our Betters". People began to stand outside the pit and the gallery at eleven the night before, and waited for twenty one hours. The management dished out coffee. Maugham himself is said to have been terrified. He could not imagine how anyone, having waited so long to see a play, could possibly feel he'd had his money's worth. The reviews are speaking highly of the production and the acting. What a thrill all this must be for the playwrights. I suppose it is success of this sort that sets everyone writing plays. Mr. Maugham is at work on two more. "The Painted Veil" was sensationally received in London, due both to a fine press and to the fracas with those persons in China who thought they saw themselves in it. Clement K. Shorter, writing apropos of this matter in the London "Sphere", says:

I confess to an honest desire to see a very great modification of the libel laws, and I marvel that all who are concerned with printed matter do not combine together to have these placed upon a better basis. There are a thousand ways in which one may go wrong. You may call a man Mr. Jones, and I suppose you may add William, John, or Henry to his name without danger, but if you add almost any other you may be charged with intending your story to refer to a particular individual.

A novelist makes up the name of a business firm — of course he ought to look into the telephone-book and *The London Directory* to make quite sure that his particular combination of names is not to be found there. With these precautions, I don't think he should fall upon disaster if perchance the names he selects do belong to living people. I would not abolish the law of libel altogether. It is well that the malice of individuals should be kept in check, but where it can be proved that there is no malice, but mere accident, it seems to me rather hard that authors and publishers should suffer.



The Viking Press send me their trademark or colophon or what not, designed by Rockwell Kent. Very pretty, too. They seem to have annexed the active Mr. Boyd. I quote a news note labeled "for immediate release":

The rediscovery and growing popularity of Comte de Gobineau in France is resulting in a reissue, by the Viking Press, Inc., of his "Five Oriental Tales". Mr. Ernest Boyd is editing the translation and also writing a preface to it.

Another volume which the Viking Press, Inc., will issue in the fall under Mr. Boyd's editorship will be "The Confession of a Fool" by Auguste Strindberg. These two books will be the beginning of a series of well made reprints which Mr. Boyd has selected from the Continental field of literature.

The scene of Poe's "Gold Bug", Sullivan Island in the Harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, is the birthplace of Charles Guernon, the

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artist-author of "Choice". Mr. Guernon suspects that he has inherited his desire to write from his early environment; yet the general trend of his work is toward the normal rather than the mysterious. Like all young artists, he came to New York, where he studied painting and sculpturing. These pursuits, logically, took him to Europe, and here and there all over the world. He is international, he says, having lived two years in London, two years in Paris, and ten years altogether in various parts of the globe. This cosmopolitanism explains the setting of "Choice" — England, Florence, and the Latin Quarter. Isn't it amusing, then, that he should have ended up quite prosaically in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he lives with his charming wife, his dog, and his broken down motor car? He now devotes all his time to his writing (as who would not with three novels being consummated at once). Mr. Guernon gave up his art work in despair, he says, when "this wave of futurism hit the country and you had to shock people to interest them". The best thing he ever wrote, in his judgment, is an article, published in "The English Review" in 1907, on the Russian short story. His first published novel was "Titans", issued a few years ago, and he will be remembered as the author of "Eyes of Youth", a play which was a stage success in New York and London and is soon to be produced in France, Italy, and Germany. Although Mr. Guernon would seem to have devoted himself to the higher arts, he confesses that his great ambition is to own a farm.

Prize contests advance and retire. There was less than the usual storm about the Pulitzer Prizes this season. More people, in fact, seemed satisfied by the rewards. "Opportunity's" contest culminated triumphantly at a dinner. At the One Hundred and Thirty Fifth Street library the night before I had met Jean Toomer, the Negro author of "Cane", and had introduced him to an audience composed of both races. His talk was excellent, if a trifle too highbrow for me. The audience enjoyed it and discussed questions of spirit and mind with verve. There, too, I met young Harry Liscombe, whose "The Prince of Washington Square" caused such a ripple of amusement in spring literature. He is a jovial young man who takes his work with becoming seriousness. He is employed in the Custom House and is writing a sequel to his first story. Having denied his existence vigorously to both his public and his publishers, I found it difficult to deny him to himself in the face of a jolly grin and a perfectly definite body. As one of the judges in the poetry section of this contest for Negro writers held by "Opportunity", I may say that in no contest have I ever met with so many good poems — not even in that held for American undergraduates by Southern Methodist University. That university, under the guidance of Professor Jay B. Hubbell, offers two prizes each year for poetry, one national, and one for Texas. This season both were awarded to Isaac W. Wade, a senior in the home college. His sonnet sequence, "Blue Norther", is an extraordinary one. The second and third prizes in the national contest went to George H. Dillon of Chicago University, and the already famous Roberta T. Swartz of Mt. Holyoke. The Georgia poetry prize was awarded by the enterprising Poetry Society of Georgia to Mrs. Kate H. Stephens, and was donated by Mrs. Craig herself a poet.

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